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*EDMOND ROSTAND.*¹

BY HENRY JAMES.

THE path of the observer of human things who, on occasion, at the behest of the critical spirit, permits himself an excursion into the world of letters, is doubtless at no time particularly smooth; but such an adventurer finds himself arrested at the present hour by a perplexity that is of recent growth. We live in a day in which the term 'success' represents, for the composition that has carried off the crown, possibilities of recognition, of circulation, undreamt of by our fathers and unknown to simpler societies. The scale on which a work of imagination, so called, may, in especial, see itself multiplied, advertised, acclaimed, diffused, makes the mystery of popularity more than ever difficult to analyse, and in fact surrounds the phenomenon with a disquieting, anomalous element. The novel, and even the poem, that sells, sells half a million of copies; the play that draws, draws vast populations, and for months together; and this, accordingly, is the puzzle, the worry—though we hope, as we try to deal with it, but the temporary one—that, do what we will, we are unable altogether to dissociate the idea of acclamation from the idea of distinction. We are in the presence of huge demonstrations, and we ask ourselves if there be really afloat in the world anything like a proportionate amount of art and inspiration. The demonstrations are insistent, the reverberation such as victory or peace, announced to distracted nations, would alone seem to justify, and we are consequently somewhat oppressed—which is the form taken by our embarrass-

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ment. Our old habit, as a first impression, our old prejudice, sticks to us: what is universal recognition but glory, and what is behind glory, by the ancient rule, in these fields, but somebody's achievement of something supreme? The critic must appreciate, discriminate, hold his course, and he can, in a word, scarce help being put out by the colossal when the colossal breaks into his little garden, so neat on its traditional lines, in the manner of an escaped elephant from the nearest circus. He learns soon enough, probably, to allow for the elephant; but the question never quite wholly sinks to rest—the garden never feels altogether safe. The insidious part of the perplexity is that acclamation may swell to its maximum, and the production acclaimed, the novel, the poem, the play, none the less truly *be* the real thing and not the make-believe. It is so often the make-believe that we are all but driven comfortably to generalise—so great is the convenience of a simple law. The law, however, ceases to be simple from the moment even one book in five hundred does appeal, distinguishably, to a critical sense. The case, though of the rarest, occurs, and it thereby deprives the conscientious student we have postulated of the luxury of a hard-and-fast rule.

I have approached M. Rostand, under the immediate advantage of whose name I have ventured on the foregoing remarks, by a road that will perhaps not seem too devious if I succeed in marking him, for our puzzled spectator, as one of those accidents that figure as disturbing—disturbing precisely because they show, in their rare way, a fine and complex talent as enjoying the fortune of talents not usually so to be qualified, show it as carried, to the sound of drum and trumpet, round the globe. He is the author of plays that, in Europe and America, have broken the record, as we say, for 'runs,' and he accordingly constitutes, brilliant, consummate performer as he is, one of the most curious of contemporary cases—really a more important one for criticism, I think, than if, with more stuff in him still, he had had, as might very well have happened, a destiny obscure. The copy of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' that I have before me is marked on the cover as the eighty-sixth thousand, and this very shortly after the production of the play; and the copy of 'L'Aiglon' is marked, at a date at which the run of the play was yet young, as the sixty-first thousand—numbers that, in respect to each publication, must have been afterwards greatly exceeded. Such a show, then, is delightfully confounding—testifying as it does to the residuum of

sensibility in publics capable of consuming 'quality' with such appetite. The revealed affinity with quality is thus what cheerfully strikes us; and we find ourselves immediately connecting it with the recent brilliant anomaly in our English literary annals, the immense 'success' of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, achieved in spite of his wearing so many of the signs that charm the ingenious and disconcert the simple—those simple by whom, at present, the crown is mainly conferred. It would be interesting, had we space, to carry our parallel far, for it to a great extent imposes itself, and would evidently throw up an abundance of fresh hints on the question of differences, of contrasts, in neighbouring peoples. The case remains that the Anglo-American and the French public have each had, almost at the same time, in their respective, their superlative favourite, a subject in which criticism itself has delighted, so that the favourites have to that extent much in common. They have for their deepest note the patriotic note, the note of the militant and triumphant race. This is the particular reason why comparison would be suggestive. The races are different, but for each poet each is the triumphant and the militant.

Taking the case indeed as we find it in M. Rostand, it throws up more oddities and appeals than we can do justice to. For the patriotic explanation becomes queer when the response to the signal flows from quarters where the ideal, the allegiance, is of quite another cloth. 'Cyrano' has been enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, through the length and breadth of the United States, and yet the glamour of 'Cyrano' is intensely, exquisitely, in passionate, almost invidious national reference. The particular beauty of the play—and the remark is practically as true of 'L'Aiglon'—is in the fantastic, romantic, brilliantly whimsical expression of an ardent French consciousness. The problem before the author was to weave into a dense and glittering tissue every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a particular period would yield; and the measure of his 'success,' exactly, is in the vividness of this tapestry. The tapestry is marvellously figured, but it is scarcely too much to say that the light of the consciousness aforesaid is required for following the design with intelligence. How much of that intelligence do M. Rostand's spectators and readers about the globe, those of his Anglo-Saxon public in especial, bring to the task? To ask the question is to move again in the world of wonder; for

would not the upshot of pushing an inquiry into the relation between the glamour, as I have called it, of 'Cyrano' and 'L'Aiglon,' and the state of mind of the alien populations that have absorbed them—would not this consequence be to make us ask ourselves what such exhibitions, in such conditions, have been taken *for*? 'Cyrano,' of the two pieces, has been, I believe, much the more acclaimed, and 'Cyrano,' precisely, might quite have passed for a wilful wager, an act of amused defiance to any perception of its finer flavour not determined, on the part of the public, by identities of origin. Nothing is easier than to fancy the writer's saying to himself that he would construct such a spectacle as would be balm to the imagination of every Frenchman—just in proportion too as the latter should be French not only instinctively, but by reflection and culture as well—and that would, by the same law, lead the apprehension of other communities such a dance as would mainly throw into relief the inaptitude of the dancers. But, lo! to this ironic, this malicious fiddle the barbarians have kicked their heels positively in time—as inscrutably, at any rate, as was to be required for decorum. An ingenious American actor carries his nightly hundreds captive with a translated, an arranged—*how* arranged we inextinguishably wonder—version of the five-act play; a dauntless *comédienne* works the miracle of reducing the still larger Napoleonic panorama to the same simplified idiom. If there be a quality of M. Rostand's own idiom, the bristling bravery of his verse, the general frolic of his vocabulary, especially under the happy crack of the whip of rhyme, it is that, surely, of resisting simplification to the death. What, therefore, has become of it beyond the seas? What is the equivalent offered for his merciless virtuosity of expression? The account of that matter is probably that as no impression of his virtuosity has been received, none of its influence has been missed. Only, this being so, we are thrown back—or all *but*—on the puzzle of his popularity. M. Rostand without his virtuosity—with that element either not rendered or not caught—what sort of a M. Rostand to excite enthusiasm is that? With what residuum does the magic work?

I hasten to confess that if I keep speaking as if such questions were worth while, it is because of my sense—perhaps excessive—of what I have just called their fascination: so disturbing, doubtless, is the habit, in the presence of a work of art with which the public appears to be in relation, of finding the public, as one

of the parties to the encounter, the more infinite thing to consider. That scent is by no means, however, in these remarks, what I have proposed to follow ; and I am relegated to my actual business by my having a moment ago struck the right one. The explanation, the solution of everything, and, with this, the supreme sign of our author, is just that he is inordinately romantic—so that the questions connected with his fortune in this character become, frankly, the real ones and supersede all others. I spoke a moment since of the reason that may, after all, be given for his being acclaimed even when he is not, on the literary side, tasted ; which reason we immediately see present when we see his romantic—his extravagantly romantic—complexion recognised. The romantic in itself depends, I think, supremely little on virtuosity ; therefore with virtuosity left out of the account there yet remains a great deal to taste. Virtuosity is a matter of expression, and M. Rostand would still be romantic without his expression. This circumstance has helped him prodigiously ; it always helps where masses of men are involved ; it is the charm, the spell, the golden key, operating *en gros* as nothing else does. The beauty of M. Rostand is that he is a sincere and consistent, and therefore a precious example of the character ; and the refinements of extravagance that he adds to it give it a freshness where freshness might otherwise seem decidedly to fail. This is what virtuosity can do—as we have known it to do, moreover, nearer home, in a recent interesting case. Much of the work of Robert Louis Stevenson is an instance of the same combination ; but Stevenson was less clear a case, being decidedly less simple a one. He cared signally for expression, and he admirably achieved it ; but his romance was of a comparatively anxious, sceptical, preoccupied order, was but one of the features, though possibly the most marked, of a complex and restless mind. The whole mind will always be interesting in Stevenson ; one seems to see it, round the edge of his special gift, as one sometimes sees the wider ring of light round the disc of the moon. The edge of M. Rostand's gift is sharp and hard, and breaks short off ; its connections are, so to speak, all within it, only deepening the glitter. So far as he has given us his measure, he hangs, in other words, thoroughly together : he offers us our finest, freshest occasion for studying the possibilities, for watching the development, of the temperament at its best.

We have been living, so many of us, of recent years, in a

continuous romantic wave that nothing is more natural than to grasp, in the welter—if but for the mere comfort of orientation—at any really palpable object, anything with the property of floating. It is something to hold on by while we try to make out where we are. Little enough of the wave, of course, has mattered, among us, for literature—it has mattered on the showing of R. L. Stevenson almost alone; so that, so far as any light from our own sources is concerned, we are quite in the dark as to what literature can, so to speak, do for it. We have too few plays to talk about, and there could be no better proof of our destitution than that, in discussing such fine exotics as the productions immediately before us, we find ourselves without terms of comparison drawn from our own literary scene. But the novel, of sorts, we at least can cite, and the novel, as it most besets us, as we most know it or most avoid it, the novel, in fine, multiplied and acclaimed, lives its hour mainly under favour of the romantic prejudice. The favour might have appeared, on occasion, likely to fail it, but no such catastrophe, so far as can be noted, has in fact taken place; though nothing, on the other hand, it must equally be said, has happened strikingly to regild its scutcheon. M. Rostand is a master in another form; but the stuff of romance lends itself, like the stuff of reality, to all forms, so that we are still on the ground of the question in seeking to read the lesson of *his* free use of that restorative gold-leaf of which our store seems to have run short. He lays it on thick, and gives it a splendid polish; the work he has hitherto done shines and twinkles with it in his clear morning of youth. We are infinitely amused, we are well-nigh dazzled, by the show; we are so drawn and beguiled that we ask ourselves, with appetite, with curiosity, how much more of the sovereign compound, so lavishly spent, he still has on hand—together with other wonderments as to how it will wear and ‘wash,’ how far it will go, what may be its further connections with life. I may seem, with all this, to be taking our author very hard; but, obviously, if such questions are interesting at all, they are interesting with intensity; and I can only, personally, confess to positive suspense as to what will absolutely *become* of the potent principle under the particular impetus he has given and will presumably again give it. As no one, anywhere, has recently expressed it with anything like his art, the case, one must repeat, is practically in his hands; they carry Cæsar and his fortunes. But whither?

M. Rostand's sympathy was marked from the first; he struck in the three acts of 'Les Romanesques,' in 1894, the note of the very question itself—the question, that is, of the influence of the principle. This slight, but delightful production—ingeniously and amusingly Englished, and not incongruously rhymed, by George Fleming—is in fact as charming an examination of the nature of the romantic, as pleasant a contribution to any discussion, as can be imagined. The small action takes place in that happy land of nowhere—the land of poetry, comedy, drollery, delicacy, profuse literary association—which the French theatre has so often and so enviably—notably with Alfred de Musset, unsurpassed for the right touch—made its hunting-ground; and if the whole thing is the frankest of fantasies, an excursion into the *pays bleu*, it is the work of a man already conscious of all the values involved. Percinet and Sylvette love each other over the garden wall because they believe in the ferocious mutual enmity of their respective fathers—a situation that makes their snatched and stolen interviews dangerous and wonderful. Their resemblance to Romeo and Juliet is complete, and their appetite for such developments as shall recall the fortunes of the immortal pair constant and exalted. The respective fathers, meanwhile, are really the best friends in the world, and steal *their* interviews over the wall precisely because they desire their children to marry. Knowing the young persons to be romantically disposed, dreading the probable effect of in any degree prescribing to them a mutual impression, and calculating therefore the effect of ostensibly denouncing and forbidding it, they have invented the idea of danger, defiance, adventure, in order to keep their offspring in tune. What happens, of course, is that the offspring discover at a given moment that they have been practised on, that their elders are in league, that their danger is a fiction, that their safety is complete, that their analogy with the *amants de Vérone* is in fact naught, that there is, in fine, no more romance in their case than in that of any other two approved and engaged young persons. The romance of having pleased each other isn't enough—they desire the cup to be spiced; and they fall apart just in proportion as the two parents, prematurely confident, fraternise over the prospect. The moral of the anecdote is of course that they come together again on the basis of reality, once reality itself has had time to be prettily and picturesquely arranged. M. Rostand's lightness of hand shows in his keeping

the dose of this article too, for Sylvette and Percinet, in tone with their dose of the other. The thing is really too much made up of ribbons and flowers, of masks and mantles, to be rehandled, with whatever finger-tips; but we note as its especial charm the ease with which the author's fancy moves in his rococo world.

This it is that in each of his productions makes M. Rostand so enviable, because it makes him, apparently at least, so happy; his rococo world spreads about him in an extraordinarily furnished and appointed, painted and gilded way, and he shows it to us as the master of the house shows the state apartments, knowing their order and relation and name, guiding us among crowded objects and 'up' in their history and quality. It is in the rococo world that he has gone on living and flourishing, for he has positively placed in it the successive scenes of 'L'Aiglon.' We shall come to that presently; the point is that his face was, from the first, turned so fortunately straight for the concentration of energy. There is plenty of that, all in the direction of mask-and-mantle imagery, in such a delightful flight as the flourish of Straforel advertising his business in 'Les Romanesques'—his business being, for just those ends, present to the pair of plotting fathers, the furniture of elopements, the accessories of abduction. The plotting fathers contract for the *enlèvement* of the young lady, with consequent death-dealing rescue by the young man, and nothing can be more delicately droll than Straforel's spoken and rhymed 'circular,' his tariff and his styles—he undertakes abductions as in a prosaic age his descendants are reduced to undertaking funerals and movings. Yet these things are almost too much things of air to be quoted; besides which they are, in M. Rostand, too numerous. It is his sign that, in his kind, he is rich, and we scarce show a man as rich by showing one or two of his banknotes.

There are plenty of them, however, no doubt, between the leaves of 'La Princesse Lointaine,' the four acts of which date from 1895; by which I mean plenty of short examples of the author's power, in the matter of beautiful and whimsical turns, to keep it up and up, to begin again and again. 'La Princesse Lointaine,' at any rate, is characteristic for just another reason than the one cited for its predecessor—the reason that the romantic here, instead of being in any degree mocked at or 'given away,' is taken for granted in all its length and breadth. It is exactly the play in which Percinet and Sylvette themselves would have found their ideal. The poetic picture, as in 'Les Romanesques,' as

in 'Cyrano,' is a thing all of consistent tone—tone ever so adroitly arrived at and artfully sustained. M. Rostand knows the special preparation in which his subject must steep itself as a musical ear knows shades of sound and proprieties of time, and he can take every sort of liberty of form, of rhyme, of reference, without fear of taking any with the essence. He embarks again, in short, for the *pays bleu*, the purple island, and sails and sails with never an accident. It is a port, no doubt, that the adventurer never absolutely reaches, so that the sail itself is what makes the success, and our author's skill is to keep, as he does, in the boat. The adventure of his pair of Provençal troubadours who go forth in quest of the far-away princess, the Princess of the East and Countess of Tripoli, because the fame of her beauty has made them languish at home for years, and because one of them, the Prince of Aquitaine (the other being his knight), knows that she knows, beyond the sea, of his love-sick state, and wishes to show her before he dies to what a man may be reduced for her—this is, clearly enough, the perfection of a starting-point for a deep romantic plunge.

The piece surpasses its predecessor in brilliancy by the same stride by which 'Cyrano' was in turn to surpass it, and by which—as a mere literary, or, if it be preferred, scenic wager—'L'Aiglon' was to surpass 'Cyrano'; and we begin to get a glimpse of the author's formula—which relieves the mind. We see how far the great mantle of Victor Hugo has, all these years, trailed, and how, out of a mere corner of it, the cleverest of his grandsons can cut a complete suit. The form of M. Rostand's style, is it not, broadly speaking, Victor Hugo's style brought down to date, attuned to the age of the interview, the automobile and the decennial exhibition, the age of the American campaign and Madame Sarah Bernhardt? I say it not in mockery, nor even in familiarity, for M. Rostand will always dazzle me; but is it not practically a fair account of his use of his magnificent master to assert that he has done with him what we do with everything nowadays—has reduced him to the terms of contemporary journalism? It is delightful to get hold of so interesting, so exquisite an instance of a process going on all round us and never so well to be observed, to be caught in the fact, as in a good concrete example. The terms of contemporary journalism more and more impose themselves, announce themselves as, increasingly, irresistibly, the universal, the only terms, and exactly by the same law as that by which so many other modern conveniences have become indispensable, by

which new machinery supersedes old, the kodak displaces the camera. They represent the portable, and the portable now is everything; if we have Victor Hugo at all, we must have a Victor Hugo who will go round the globe and be back in Paris by a date. Dates are everything; they are the numbers on that great ubiquitous clock-face which—however outside the matter in the given case—has at present so much more to say to any production of the mind than any principle within it. We are struck, at all events, for our consolation, with the range of accomplishment with which our general fate is compatible, with all indeed that is gained in one quarter if lost in another. Victor Hugo adapted, adjusted, scheduled and expositionised, Victor Hugo, in short, newspaperised, may be less august and mysterious, but the medium that absorbs him, the great diffusive, assimilative idiom, is unmistakably enriched. Happy an age, certainly, in which the vulgarisers are of M. Rostand's pattern!

The finest thing in 'La Princesse Lointaine'—as also the finest in 'Cyrano'—is the author's gallantry under fire of the extravagance involved in his subject; as to which, in each instance—and not less, in fact, in 'L'Aiglon'—we can easily see that it would have been fatal to him to be timid. The pathos, the poetry, for the successive situations, move arm-in-arm with their latent absurdity—the too-much that keeps rising to the brim and that would easily overflow at a wrong touch; and I find a charm the more, I confess, in the dramatist's affinity with such dangers. They help to make up his medley—the tear on the cheek of his comic mask, the glimmer of a wink in the eye of his tragic—and they help to give us, above all, a sense of his naturally adventurous temperament. They keep up his spirit and excite him thus to keeping up our own. If his spirit requires, for exhilaration, the acrobatic tight-rope, we are willing enough to sit and watch, it being the acrobatic tight-rope, exactly, that he stretches from one end of each of his productions to the other. The tight-rope in 'La Princesse' is the high fantasy of the common upliftedness between the distant lady and the dying pilgrim, who *have never met*, over their penetrating relation; all the more that their failure to meet is prolonged, is represented, through a large part of the play, and that the amount of communication that might have served instead has been of the slightest. The tight-rope in 'Cyrano' is, visibly enough, the question of the hero's facial misfortune, doubly great as opposed to his grand

imagination, grand manners and grand soul, the soul that leads his boisterous personality to run riot, for love and for friendship, in self-suppression, in sentimental suicide. The tight-rope in 'L'Aiglon' is—well, what is it? One is tempted to say that it is simply everything. It is in particular, we surmise, just the challenged, the accepted peril of dealing scenically with the subject at all, and especially of dealing with it on the scale required; the subject being essentially that of the *attitude*, imposed, fixed, of the hapless young man—a young man whose main mark it is that mere attitude is his only life, that anything like action is forbidden him. The rope is here thus stretched higher and tighter than elsewhere; it becomes, in its appeal to the author's agility, a veritable trapeze. For I mean, emphatically, that the extravagant—that extravagant in which, for M. Rostand, the romantic mainly resides—is all there.

The extravagant is reached when emotions, passions, manners have ceased to reckon with life at all, and yet have become the more absorbing; and it consists, on the part of the young Duke of Reichstadt, in the general immensity and intensity of his yearning. *Stat magni nominis umbra*—he lives in the shadow of his great father. He yearns somehow or other to reconstruct and revive him, to play a part, to escape from tutelage, to return to France, to drop like a thunderbolt on the monarchy, to be, in fine, heroically, the Napoleon II. that he is kept from being. But above all he lives over the vast paternal legend, the glories, the victories, the successive battlefields, the anecdotes, the manners, the personal habits, the aspect and trick of the very clothes. The picture is by its nature condemned to be that, exclusively, of his perpetual tension, obsession, communion—of the hallucination that consumes him. The subject was thus beautiful—nothing could possibly be finer; and nothing could at the same time be more interesting than to see if it might be made successfully scenic. Invidious, potentially disastrous, is the light that the conditions of the theatre project upon subjects that hang at all in the balance; it is then that we measure the frequently ruinous rigour of those conditions. A subject may strike a dramatist as so fine that the theatre must have the benefit of it, and yet may, on experiment, no matter how ingeniously conducted, show itself only as of a fineness by which the theatre is unable to profit. To combine as much as possible of the theatric with as much of the universal as the theatric will take—

that is the constant problem, and one in which the maximum and minimum of effect are separated from each other by a hair-line. The theatric is so apt to be the outward, and the universal to be the inward, that, in spite of their enjoying scarce more common ground than fish and fowl, they yet often manage to peck at each other with fatal results. The outward insists on the inward's becoming of its own substance, and the inward resists, struggles, bites, kicks, tries at least to drag the outward down. The disagreement may be a very pretty quarrel and an interesting literary case; it is only not likely to be a successful play.

There is a happy enough balance, however, in '*La Princesse*,' and we have meanwhile left the Prince of Aquitaine and his attendant knight in postures the most characteristic—the knight, Rudel, going ashore from the pilgrim ship to announce his infatuated friend, and himself becoming infatuated as soon as he sees the lady. She, on her side, having taken him at first for the Prince, finds him quite in the note of their sublime situation—the Prince's and her own; and the couple, accordingly, before they can turn round, have fallen very presently and personally, not at all ideally, in love, while the Prince, on the ship, with his strength ebbing, awaits the result of Rudel's mission. This result is, of course, in the fourth act, all it should romantically be; the Princess and the young knight, though much tempted to be faithless, nobly overcome their inclination and go out to the ship just in time for the dying man's blessing. He beholds, that is, before dying, the beauty on the mere hearsay of which he so long has lived, and the passion of the others is sanctified by his surrender. These things, however, are details—it is the central idea that the author has made, as it were, amusing, has worked, as we say, for all it is worth, and has offered us as a general light on the bias of his imagination. He thus did promptly, in 1895, two things: he committed himself, up to the ears, to the sentimental-sublime, and he started handsomely the question of whether or no he were a poet. I may as well say at once that he has remained, to my sense, exactly as much a poet as '*La Princesse Lointaine*' charmingly showed him, but has not, by the same token, become an inch more of one. The reason of this is of the clearest: he could never become more of one and remain within the limits of his cosmic boom, remain what I have otherwise called portable, and above all *exportable*. He is as much of one as is consistent with the boom, the latest, the next exhibition,

the universal reporter, the special car, the orbit of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the state of exposed accessibility, in especial, to audiences ignorant of his language. Dazzling as his command of the fantastic, both in humour and in pathos makes him, I confess I am struck with the amount of poetry that he has fairly succeeded in saving from the consequences of his adventure. His freely figurative, his boldly maccaronic style, his verbal gymnastics and pictorial somersaults, his general romp through the unexpected—which is largely his hunt for rhyme through not only the past and present but the future of the language—all represent the elements of toughness and good humour required for so much exposure and such a pitch of reverberation.

If I should quote certain passages in support of these remarks it would immediately be felt that such speeches, such parts altogether, must have been wholly conceived and elaborated for the actress I have named, so that largely in this manifestation M. Rostand was romantic because Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is so. Interesting enough thus, if we had time, to trace the influence of a particular set of personal idiosyncrasies, the voice, the look, the step, the very *physique* of a performer, with all its signs, upon literature, and curious thereby to see once more how closely in France literature is still connected with life. The theatre there is a part of life. A given actress may be a part, an immense part, of the theatre; and, as literature has also its share in the same, the performer passes more or less into the sphere of the eternal. When I say eternal I speak largely; yet I speak otherwise than I should speak, certainly, in referring to any such phenomenon among ourselves. Plays enough are patched up in London for the given actor without any similar consequence. The influence of the given actor, that is, fails to be sufficient to make any portion of them pass into the sphere of the eternal. They do not, in short, as literature, embalm audibly a voice, so that the player perishes altogether when he speaks his farewell. So long, on the other hand, as 'La Princesse Lointaine' is read, the voice face, motion, art of Mme. Sarah will be active and present. It is only a question, accordingly, of how long the play will be read. But for that, after all, the portents may be none of the worst. Happy Mme. Sarah! And happy M. Rostand too!

Was the case the same in respect of 'Cyrano'? and was the author's original vision, the first flush of the idea, suggested to him across the footlights by a present personality? Did the

happy thought of the character, in other words, glimmer into life as the happy consciousness of M. Coquelin's countenance and genius? The point, though far from the most pressing in connection with the piece, would be interesting to fix, for the simple reason that no theatrical work so begotten has ever had, I imagine, such a fortune. There have been lucky actors and lucky plays, but never such a fusion of the two forms of luck. Actors may be conveniently fitted in the highest degree without the least profit to the larger career of the play; and, *per contra*, the play may have the largest career and yet leave us neither caring nor knowing who on the stage was to be or was not to be suited. Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' a play of the theatre if there ever was one, is at the same time so much a play of the 'closet' that the representatives of the parts, for all we heed, may have been numbered counters on a table. Augier's 'Gendre de M. Poirier,' by the same law, living alike on the stage and in the library, depends on no particular personality and embalms no particular memory. (And I have the heart, I have the consistency to say this, I may add, in spite of a vivid remembrance of the perfect Poirier of the late M. Got.) If, however, the individual player lives, and lives intensely, inexpugnably, in the magnificent movement of 'Cyrano,' we simply say so much the better for the individual player. The peculiarity, the real felicity of the case for him is that, having floated on the straight tide of the whole triumph into the 'closet,' he seems subject to no such reflux, no such reaction, as will float him out again. Behold us, consequently, with M. Coquelin permanently established in that inner sanctuary, where he must share intimately the fate, whatever it be, of his author. And it is precisely to the fate of his author that we come back—to the question, that is, of the amount of life the romantic wave that has so bravely carried M. Rostand so far may have still to spend.

For it is charmingly evident, in the light of his admirable scenic eloquence, and in spite of interposing scenic images, that he naturally *sees*, as it were, romantic or fantastic, just as certain persons before certain objects see blue or yellow or red. That is how he gets at sensibility—by enlarging the scale; which is an experiment that, for my part, I am delighted to see him make. Let it be as dangerous as it will or merely as triumphant, every experiment in æsthetics is interesting—I mean, of course, to the critic—that is made in good faith (made, likewise, I need scarcely

add, with talent, inasmuch as it takes a certain amount of that really to attest a faith as 'good'). Entrancing, in fact, to the critic is just the faith, however different from the critic's own, that runs away with a man, and never, for our own part, of a nature to make us wish to stop him. We wouldn't stop him for the world; we would rather lash him on. For so are exhibitions achieved, so are temperaments affirmed, so are examples multiplied, and so are little sermons preached. That is tantamount to saying, more concretely, that I wouldn't, individually, part with an inch of Cyrano's nose. Too much is involved, too much for premature protest, in all the author has made depend on it—more for fame and fortune than ever depended on a nose before. The value of it in the plan, naturally, is that it is liberally symbolic—that it stands for the evil star in the wider sense, the whole body and office of natural affliction on the part of the afflicted. Cyrano is one of the worst afflicted; his nose happens to be only the accident; he might have been displeasing in some other way, for there are but too many ways; and the poet happily caught at the drama that would reside in his being *most* formed to suffer. There we get immediately the romantic formula, the short cut of antithesis, the vital spark, for a conspicuous example, of the theatre of Victor Hugo. The antithesis is a short cut because it ignores shades and lives on high contrasts. Differences are simply successions of shades; but shades are thus transitions and links; and, transitions and links being comparatively quiet things, the deep joy of the close observer, the romantic effect will have none of them. This is what makes one extreme seek another—what made M. Rostand intensely see that his afflicted person should be in every other respect his most showily organised. Cyrano, for a romantic use, had not only to be sensitive, to be conscious, but to be magnificent and imperial; and the brilliancy of the creation is in the author's expression of this.

That is the romantic formula, which obviously deals in a different poetry from the poetry of the 'quiet,' and which is extremely dependent for success on a certain aggressiveness of style. M. Rostand's vehicle is half his victory: it performs such prodigies on its own account—by which I mean is so perpetually ingenious and amusing that we never quite focus, nor even want to, what he asks us to accept as his human truth. Cyrano, hopelessly in love with the incomparable Roxane, but finding

that Roxane has fixed her affections on a gentleman who is also enamoured of her and whose fine military type and fine person (he is as handsome as the other is ugly) render him a conceivable aspirant, Cyrano undertakes the task of helping on his suit in every possible way, and especially by the expenditure of a dazzling genius. Roxane, a *précieuse* of the seventeenth century, needs, above all, first to be learnedly wooed; she dotes on genius, on poetry, on prosody, on metaphors and alembications, and, as her handsome lover, though properly gallant and deeply devoted, is as stupid as an owl, he has to borrow the wit, the sonnets to her eyebrow, and all the other fine turns, with which to bombard her. Cyrano not only lends for the purpose his own whole armoury, but he himself so directs the aim that the lady's heart is completely riddled. He does, in short, all the work, stores up the honey of which he is never to taste, giving others all the beauty of his passion and keeping all the pain for himself. He ministers thus, through twenty adventures, to Roxane's happiness, though indeed that happiness is not crowned in the end—a platitude for which M. Rostand is much too clever, as he is also too clever to give his hero an eventual compensation. The end is properly as romantic as the beginning and the middle, the perfect art of romance being that it shall, at every point, surpass itself. The turns of the story, at any rate, are details; what is suggestive in it is its exceptionally distinguished congruity with the romantic idea, and the proof it offers for our proposition about the medium. In prose, or in verse the least bit pedestrian, the idea would have gone to pieces, and one can well understand its having done so, from the point of view of the glamour, in such English forms as have been put at its service. It is not that M. Rostand's verse has, precisely, wings—these are rather what, considering its quantity of movement, it lacks; but it has legs of abnormal agility, legs that fly about in a manner to forbid our calling it pedestrian. Eloquence can go on legs as well as on wings—perhaps in fact better; and our author is easily and admirably eloquent.

The fortune of the idea was made, at any rate, from the moment M. Rostand put his hand on the particular morsel of history that he had pressed into his service: so much of its own quality, and all in the desired key, had it to give, and so little, in proportion, was there to add to it. The Cyrano de Bergerac of literary anecdote was, by the best luck, a Gascon; he flourished,

by the best luck, in an age of literary magniloquence, social rhodomontade and free fencing, and the opportunity for the glamour of race, for the recall of qualities only a little more fantastically French, was accordingly all there to seize. Cyrano doubtless never flourished in fact as our author makes him flourish in fiction, but the intensifications are of the right colour. With such things as these the medium, as I have called it, is already constituted, the form is imposed, the style springs tip of itself, and author and actor have but to keep them going. M. Rostand has not missed an effect of high fantasy, of rich comedy, of costume, attitude, sound or sense that could be shaken out of them; and we scarce know better how to describe the whole result than as a fine florid literary *revanche* of wounded sympathies and of the old French spirit, or at least of the imagination of it—the French spirit before revolutions and victories and defeats had made it either shrill or sore. And such an account of the matter is none the less true even if it be not precisely easy to say *revanche* against what. Against everything, we surmise, that would have made the production of a 'Cyrano' impossible anywhere but in France, where doubtless, moreover, such productions are, whether as revenges or as speculations, less and less to be counted on. It would be difficult, at all events, to say whether the *revanche* really gains or loses point from the eager absorption of the play by other communities. No one, however this may be, has 'gone in' so successfully for atmosphere, and the particular atmosphere in question, since Théophile Gautier's 'Capitaine Fracasse.' And even that delightful work was not eloquent, though it was so many things else, and not being eloquent was not patriotic. On the other hand it was, I suspect, more frequently and more essentially exquisite, if only through being indebted to the medium of prose; which, strange to say, is what the romantic, on M. Rostand's lines, somehow forfeits. When shades of truth go, the exquisite goes—which indeed, fortunately, is by no means the same thing as the picturesque. The picturesque may abound, may triumph, without it, may cover the subject as with an embroidered mantle, and so bedrape and costume it that its anatomy doesn't in the least matter. This is the happy romantic principle, thanks to which, when extended from the voluminous mantle to other properties and features, we get the quantity of atmosphere aforesaid. And—the point is of a rare interest—the great thing with the latter is that the

question of its truth, the suspicion of its falsity, becomes subordinate: the relevant question is the question of its density. It may with impunity—with present, immediate impunity—be as false as it will, if it be only rich and thick. Then it closes us in; we don't see, as may be said, *out* of it: we don't see half a yard out of 'Cyrano' and 'L'Aiglon'—which is all that was necessary.

The author of these things has thus such an imagination of vivifying detail that he makes us extremely wonder what such a faculty might not achieve without the romantic perversity. That is the concern at which I just hinted—the question of where continued deflection on such a scale is likely to land him. I have already expressed the interest and indulgence that accompany this wonder—which amounts to the hope that he will continue to deflect so long as a prize is really to be reached, and so long as so much entertainment comes to us by the way. That is in fact requisite to ensure us a good case to oppose to those other seekers of the prize—the prize of interest, beauty, truth—who may be described as going straight. I admit that it is not easy to say with exactitude what makes, on one side and the other, the straight line and the tangent, even though it be precisely because of M. Rostand's success that the critic becomes, yet again, acutely conscious of the difference. Why is it that, to choose an example from very near at hand, M. Paul Hervieu, in 'La Course du Flambeau' strikes me, in comparison, and quite apart from the degree of talent, as starting and as keeping straight? Or indeed why, I should perhaps rather ask, does the author of 'L'Aiglon,' in comparison and quite apart from the degree of talent, strike me as starting and as keeping crooked? Where does the comparison, in such an instance, reside?—with what standard of value, outside of each work, do we make it? By what sign in advance do we know the romantic? by what sign do we know the real? and by what instrument do we, as they diverge, measure their divergence? What proof is there, in short, that 'L'Aiglon' has in fact diverged and that 'La Course du Flambeau' has not? Absorbing inquiries, for the critic and for the artist alike, but which they will probably not meet in the same way. The critic, at all events—certainly the critic for whom I speak—will profess that he recognises the romantic deflection by recognising on his own part an anxiety, general or special, as to where it will come out if left only to itself. As that apprehension sharpens—and there are several ways of dealing

with it—he himself grows more and more sure. He knows where he is, and above all where he is not; he is not in the real—or in the air of things that pass with him for belonging to it; inasmuch as in the real he is without the particular anxiety I speak of—however much suspense of another and much simpler sort the real may easily create. This latter suspense is never, I think, as to where the author and the system themselves will come out, but as to where some person will, or the affairs of some person in whom they have interested him. The author and the system, he finds himself assuming, will come out wherever life itself does, and he follows them with confidence so far. It is both the difficulty and a part of the inspiration—as well as no small part of the glory—of a writer like M. Rostand that he has himself to create the confidence, and to keep it up in the face of difficulties; so that he is perpetually drawing on his credit with us as he goes.

Well, why should he not, it may be asked, if he makes us continue to trust him, or at all events beguiles, bewilders, fascinates us into going with him, causes us simple-mindedly to follow our nose through his labyrinth, however little that may be his own rule of progress? There is no answer to this question but to say, let him follow who can. We ask but to follow as far as our simple-mindedness permits. The critic's nose is a special nose, and who can tell in what direction *it* may be turned? Even after it has led him through M. Rostand from beginning to end, its possessor may still be concerned with the possibility of anyone's going safely, in the same direction, 'one better'—better than the idea of 'La Princesse,' or than the idea of 'Cyrano,' or than the idea of 'L'Aiglon.' Better than, in their way, the form and skill and spring of these things nothing could very well be—for the writer positively strikes us as having talent as thoroughly as you have small-pox; but where are fresh motives of the same family to come from, unless with the family features unduly, even monstrously, marked? M. Rostand may answer, naturally, that this is none of our business; that his future proceedings are his own affair, and that it will be time enough to take dark views of his possible mistakes when he has put them, with the inimitable last touches, before us. We can allow that he is right, and yet not feel snubbed; for anxiety is the tenderest of sentiments, and it is all from tenderness that we speak. Nothing is more probable than that if his power of illustration were even a trifle less, the

inexorable logic of his fate would leave us indifferent. We should not in those conditions in the least mind that he cannot afford—and still have anything left—to be much more ‘heroic.’ The word is his own—he applies it to the type of comedy of ‘Cyrano,’ which it excellently fits; so that we may take it as a convenient name for his danger. The heroic, if only as a mere subdivision, has, like the patriotic, a mystery, a shy pride, which we fain would ensure the respect of; nothing is more to be deprecated than that it should be too much named and numbered, too freely accosted. We know it *after*, for the most part, rather than before or at the time, and even, oddly enough, when it is present we often take it for something else. We must not, however, I admit, be too literal, and I gladly grant that the sources of romance are many and the sources of amusement more. I may go further still, go so far as to say that a student enamoured of the ‘real’ is doubtless in some degree moved, on behalf of this cause, by jealousy of our author’s extraordinary variety of touch, his boundless animation. Let that be taken for natural, and let me, in accordance with it, confess that I should be grateful indeed for the fine sight of M. Rostand’s animation fairly coming home to roost, or, otherwise expressed, to life.

Only, by all means, not prematurely, not compunctiously, not before we have seen the game played out. If there be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—the sea, say, of the pilgrims of ‘*La Princesse*’—he will catch them as no one else can do. If he is likely to find anywhere the stuff of such another overflowing first act as that of the seventeenth-century playhouse, the Hôtel de Bourgogne in ‘Cyrano,’ such another overtopping fourth as that of the siege of Arras, with its poetry and bravery of empty stomachs and delightfully theatric apparition of Roxane, let him go to the far end of his rope, for these are in truth full sources of amusement. I delight as well in the fifth act of ‘Cyrano,’ that of the final peace in the convent garden, the quietude of the old literary swashbuckler, the old—or the older—beauty, the old extravagant, troubled time: as charming a fifth act, and as little perfunctory, as a romantic play often gives us. I delight not less in every step and stage of ‘*L’Aiglon*,’ and forbear from citing and selecting only because the author’s struggle with his hard task strikes sparks from the metal scarce more at one time than at another. The task, as I have already briefly described it, never relaxes the question of creating, intensifying, multiplying

movement where movement is fundamentally not; so that the energy and ingenuity are always in the breach and always performing prodigies of valour. M. Rostand has in every act of the six his ladder stiffly against the wall; he is in every act all for getting over and getting in; the admirable scenic temperament returns again and again to the charge. 'L'Aiglon' is on this ground quite as much a *comédie héroïque* as its predecessor; and I am well aware of causing it to be asked, in possible stupefaction, if I would then wish our author to write in the manner—since I have named that work—of 'La Course du Flambeau.' Many things would come up in answer to such a challenge, but I can glance now at only one—the interesting fact that there is no degree of talent, no wealth of the dramatic temperament, that such an idea as that of 'La Course du Flambeau' (in common with a great many other good ideas) necessarily excludes. It is a comparatively quiet matter, yet the dramatic temperament—which M. Paul Hervieu possesses, to my sense, but in a limited degree—might have discovered a world in its quietness. Three generations, in the persons of three women—the heroine, as it were, her mother, and her daughter—are put in presence, and the thesis of the piece, I take it, is that, under a pressure involving sacrifice, the eldest generation is inevitably the one sacrificed most, the one by whose doom the others profit. As between her mother and her daughter, in other words, a woman's *passion*—for that is the point—is, uncontrollably, more maternal than filial: she conceivably arrives, in fine, like M. Hervieu's Sabine Revel, at dealing death to what is behind her in order to save what is in front. She kills her mother, practically—not, I hasten to add, wilfully or overtly—for her daughter's sake.

This perhaps sounds an odd subject to describe as 'quiet,' but I maintain the term; besides which everything is relative. The quietness, I hold, might have been greater even than the author has made it, for there is an element of the romantic, which is no help, in his heroine's particular case. She is romantic, that is, by irritability and egotism; she might have been a different character without the least injury to the expression of the idea. However, the idea is expressed, and almost vividly—the idea that the torch of life, in the passage from hand to hand, can *stay* in no grasp, and above all can never move backward, whatever the insistent clutch. If M. Hervieu's demonstration of the matter be spoken of as dry, dull, grey, as exactly wanting in the

qualities in which M. Rostand abounds, let that exactly show why we wonder what it might not have become under the latter's care. The element of animation is, in the actual piece, so absent that the effect—though with science, with lucidity, measurably behind it—remains, in degree, as unlike as possible the effect of M. Rostand; we feel it present, but we feel it not salient; it scarcely at all *represents* itself. What does it do then, what does M. Hervieu do, to be not so very much the less interesting? He follows, so far as he sees it, he clings to, the line of life, and it is a wonder what that—when good faith assists—will do for almost any dramatist. The writer can follow it for itself, follow it with such profit that I must take some other occasion for reference to the experiments lately multiplied in France under this conviction—those of MM. Maurice Donnay, Brieux, Porto-Riche, de Curel, and others. Such an experiment as 'La Course du Flambeau'—or at any rate such a complexion as it wears—reminds us afresh how a romantic idea would never have got off clear with an equal neglect of those precautions and diversions that I have described it as condemned by its nature to prepare for the bamboozlement of the reader. I am afraid, to conclude, that I simply want everything; I want the line of life, and I want the bamboozlement too. I am full of tenderness for M. Rostand—I detest the idea that anything should happen to him. Now, it may lucklessly happen that there be *not* as good fish in the romantic sea—as good, I mean, as those in respect to which his bamboozlement has hitherto so triumphed. There may be only such hauls as will render bamboozlement vain. It is dreadful to think of, but he will then not have, as the saying is, a loaf on the shelf. There is no question, for M. Paul Hervieu, of exactly bamboozling us; but even if there were it would practically make no difference. *His* loaf on the shelf is large and certain.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

[Monica Peveril Turnbull, the author of the following poem—which will form part of a volume entitled 'A Short Day's Work,' now in the press—lost her life, in the spring of the present year, through a gallant attempt to rescue a younger sister whose clothes had been set on fire by the upsetting of a lamp. At the time of her death, she was only in her twenty-third year.—*Ed. Cornhill.*]

I.

In the light of morn how white are my sheep!
Their passing awoke my love from sleep.
Up to her eyes my heart I sent,
When by with all my flocks I went;
And they seemed all beneath her glance
Even to tread a slow sweet dance.
Green grows the wood!
How early we now go forth to the hill:
Were it not dark I should see her still!
In the sunlight by we came
And saw the empty window frame.
The sun was young, but now how old!
The ashes upon thy hearth are cold.
From fold to field and from field to fold!
O turn thy face from what laughing spring,
Rich summer, sighing autumn, weeping winters bring.

II.

Now my love's gone, and her empty place
Looks me for ever in the face.
They have taken the light of her golden head,
And left me the light of the sun instead.
Green grows the wood!
The wind of evening gently blows.
Softly he treads, swiftly he goes.
Straight in front of him he looks,
As he passes over the silver brooks.
Like a woman of hope bereft,
Neither he looks to the right nor the left.
The sun was young, but now he is old;
No sweets more can the earth unfold.
The myrrh is scentless; dull is the gold;
Hollow are the treasures that laughing spring,
Rich summer, sighing autumn, weeping winters bring.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

MR. ASTLEY HARTUP is—or, perhaps I should say, was—a man with a mission in life. At an early age he had taken it upon himself to correct, so far as it was possible for one individual to do so, the manners and social habits of the people with whom he came in contact.

As he very truly used to say, there is no law against the numerous forms of rudeness which irritate and shock us every day, and unless some one or other points out that they are objectionable, and on occasions takes it on himself to enforce this view on the offender in a practical manner, people in general will get worse instead of better, and the world may very soon relapse into a condition of unilluminated barbarism. He said that a word here, and possibly a blow there, might be the means of rescuing and restoring to civilised society some at all events of the vast numbers of social pigs who wallow in our midst. He looked upon it as a public duty to do his modest best, he used to say, and as he was of what I have heard described as a ‘hunky’ build, and was not exactly shy, I rather think that he also regarded it with a considerable amount of private pleasure.

It was edifying to hear him discourse on modern customs and decadent chivalry. One could not help agreeing with him when he declared what a pity it was that people were no longer liable to be haled off to fight a duel on the smallest provocation—he put it so forcibly. Some of my readers may possibly remember the letters signed ‘Vindex’ which formed part of the correspondence under the heading ‘Are Manners Moribund?’ in one of the daily papers. They were by him.

It was exhilarating, too, to watch his methods. His manner of dealing with men who sat in railway carriages while ladies stood was not a thing to forget. Adventures seemed to come to him as frequently as bills to other people. In fact he used to make them. He was always fighting cabmen who would not take their proper fare from timid old ladies. Not a week passed empty of an altercation with somebody for pushing in a crowd. People never seemed to make enough room or make it graciously enough for others to pass them at the theatre when he was there, and

they *would* talk behind him. If he appeared on any links, golfers would always nearly kill people without shouting 'Fore!' He had but to step on to the highway to immediately have the opportunity of pointing out the errors of his ways to some 'scorcher' or hansom driver. There was always something to keep his hand in.

The manner in which he cheerfully, almost eagerly, took upon himself other people's unpleasantnesses was not wanting in a kind of Quixotic charm, but I should not say that his companionship was what a retiring man would crave after. It was too full of incident, and it was liable to be embarrassing. To people in railway carriages who suffered from chronic colds he would calmly say, 'Don't sniff,' instead of frowning like the ordinary person unblest with moral courage. If the man opposite him at lunch did not eat quite as a well-bred person should, Hartup would simply tell him so. Of course he loved omnibuses; they were such an excellent sphere for his mission. If a man seemed disinclined to make room for him, he would sit on him—and he was heavy. If a wet umbrella were placed against his trousers, he would calmly put it between the offender's knees. Of course, one never knew how people were going to take these things. Up to the time I am speaking of it is true that Hartup had survived, but one never knew. The size of a man never made any difference to Hartup's opinion of his manners.

It was not with gratitude, therefore, that I received his announcement that we would travel together down to the Alwyns' dance in the country. I wasn't really glad that he was going there at all, because he generally managed to teach somebody something at a ball. But the journey was the thing which presented most embarrassment. I wish now that I had been laid up with a contagious disease. Nothing less would have excused me in his eyes. However, perhaps everything was for the best.

He was to call for me in a cab and he did so, having a few words with the postman on the doorstep for not letting him get to the bell. We arrived at the station ten minutes before the train started. Knowing what was likely to happen if he got into the line of people awaiting their turn at the ticket-office, I offered to get the tickets myself. He said he would wait for me in the refreshment room.

There I found him looking askance at his two immediate neighbours at the bar, one of whom was a burly man with beetling

black eyebrows, while the other was a short pale youth with light hair and a rabbit mouth. What they had done to arouse his ire, I do not know. From all appearances they seemed unwilling to attract attention and were hastily finishing their drinks with a view to departure, but for some reason or other my friend evidently looked upon them as likely to cause offence.

Before, however, the likelihood had blossomed into a reality they left hurriedly for the platform, and it was not for some minutes that we followed them. There was only one minute before the train started, but Hartup led me up and down before he could decide on a suitable carriage. I suppose they were all too empty.

At last he espied our friends of the refreshment room sitting in the two further seats of a carriage. They were in earnest conversation, and only one seat in the compartment was not littered with their luggage. It seemed a deliberate attempt to reserve it for themselves, a thing highly offensive to Hartup's ethical views.

He opened the door, pushed me into the vacant seat—it was the one nearest the platform and not facing the engine—and then advanced to the seat next to the small man with the pale face.

‘Please remove those things,’ he said calmly.

As I said, they were talking excitedly, and I don't suppose that either of them heard him, but he evidently imagined that they did.

‘Please remove those things,’ he repeated grimly.

The smaller man looked up, but made no movement to do as he was asked. He looked startled, but his companion seemed unpleasantly angry at the interruption.

‘Move those things,’ said Hartup loudly, pointing to a great coat and a yellow brief bag on the railway cushions.

The small man put out his hand and clapped it hastily on the bag—not to move it, but to keep it there.

It was more than Hartup could stand. He flung the coat on to the little man's knees, caught hold of the bag and threw it behind him. It fell out of the carriage on to the platform with a jingling sound.

Whether Hartup saw what had happened I don't know. He had hold of the window leather, which he pulled, slamming the door and drawing up the window. The train began to move.

The two men at once made a frantic dash for the door, which

was one of those which have no handle on the inside. One of them let down the window, and both put their heads out to look for the bag and their hands to grasp at the handle. There might have been just time to dash out, seize the bag, and return, and this I expected one of them to try to do. To my surprise, however, they drew back with a sudden jerk and retreated to their seats at the further end of the carriage. Out of curiosity I leaned out of the window of the now rapidly moving train, and saw a tall and heavy-looking man holding his side and looking at the lessening guard's van. In front of him was the yellow bag.

Sitting back in my seat I glanced apprehensively round the carriage in momentary expectation of an ebullition of some sort or other. I don't say that I was afraid. The fact is, I dislike rows. I think they are vulgar.

I glanced at the thick-set dark man, whom I looked upon as an awkward customer, but he said nothing; then I turned my eyes on his companion, and he was silent too. Angry they looked, of course, but besides anger there was on each face an expression of concern, and, I had almost said, fear. The little man was biting at his nails, and the big man was clenching and unclenching his fists, and it was not till the train had got into the express swing that either turned to Hartup.

Then the smaller of the two, with a rather venomous look in his eyes, seemed about to address some remarks to him, but the other put out a hand and touched him on the knee, and he was silent.

The burly man became the spokesman.

'Sir,' he said, addressing Hartup. 'May I ask the meaning of this curious conduct?'

Hartup looked up with raised eyebrows in his most irritating manner. He was girding himself for the fray.

The man's manner, however, did not suggest any desire for a disturbance. He seemed to be protesting rather as a matter of form.

'My friend here,' he continued, pointing to his companion, 'is unfortunately deaf, extremely deaf.' The friend looked up sharply, but, meeting his eye, looked down again. 'I myself was engrossed in other matters.'

For a burly man he was remarkably conciliating.

'Your friend seemed to have no particular difficulty in hearing what you were saying,' Hartup remarked drily.

'He is accustomed to my voice,' replied the other directly. 'It is wonderful how well deaf people gather what people they know say. No doubt it arises from the practice of observing the movement of their lips. It is a matter to which I have given some attention in a professional capacity. I am this gentleman's medical adviser.'

I was surprised to hear it. Although both men were expensively dressed, it was evident that neither was what one calls a gentleman. This one, though he seemed to express himself quite well, and though there was nothing tangible to suggest the doubt, certainly did not look like a professional man. His face was by no means of a common or stupid type, it bore the lines of a great number of experiences and some suffering; his glance was quick, remarkably quick, and keen, but I felt sure that he was not a doctor.

His friend looked on in a bewildered way during this explanation. Deaf people generally look bewildered, so that perhaps that part of the story was correct.

Now Hartup has made one or two little mistakes, but they have not tended to disconcert him; on the contrary, they have only produced in him a large amount of confidence in his ability to remedy them. He is always quite willing to forgive anyone who unjustly incurs his displeasure.

In the present instance he at once unbent so far as to say that he was very sorry.

'Unfortunately,' said the burly man, 'it was particularly inconvenient for me to lose that bag to-day.'

'I will telegraph at the next station and tell them to send it on,' said Hartup.

'I don't think that that will quite do,' replied the other thoughtfully. 'In all probability, they will mistake the meaning of your telegram, and we shall get the wrong bag or none at all. In any case I doubt if they would send it.'

'I am only going to Basinghurst,' said Hartup, 'and I shall be coming back to-morrow. Can I do anything for you at the station?'

The man thought for a moment, and I thought a rather malicious look came into his eyes. His reply, however, was in a genial tone.

'Will you? I shall be much obliged if you will ask for it at the lost property office. You saw the sort of bag it was. I am

afraid that I can add nothing to the description, for it has no name nor mark upon it.'

'Perhaps if I can tell them the nature of the contents, they will be more likely to give it up,' suggested Hartup.

The pale young man started forward with an anxious look upon his face. It was the smallest possible movement, for he caught his friend's eye and sat back again.

'It contains surgical instruments,' said the big man, 'but it is locked, and I hope they won't attempt to open it.'

'And what shall I do with it when I have got it?' asked Hartup.

'Will you send it to this address?' said the man, and I thought I noticed a curious twinkle in his eye as he wrote something upon a piece of paper.

'Harley Street. Yes,' said Hartup, looking at it.

'But I am afraid that I shall be giving you too much trouble,' said the big man politely.

'Not at all,' said Hartup. 'I shall be delighted to repair any error, if I can.'

Both then turned to their evening papers and silence reigned. I could not help heaving a sigh of relief that the incident had closed so peaceably, but at the same time I was full of surprise that a man with such a determined face as the stranger's, and a physique as powerful as his, should have let my friend's unwarrantable behaviour, as I couldn't help thinking it, pass as he did. Under cover of my 'Globe' I studied their faces, his and his companion's, and if ever I saw two beings in a state of twitching anxiety it was when I looked at those two men. Hartup says that I thought about that afterwards, but I am quite sure that that was my impression at the time.

Basinghurst, our station, was the first stop, and with a formal 'good-night' to the strangers we left the train. I took no notice of it then, but remembered afterwards that a policeman was on the platform, who half dazzled me with his lantern as I gave up the tickets, and that he came out after us and watched us get into the Aylwins' omnibus with some other guests from town. At the time my mind was centred on the hope that Hartup would have had enough of giving lessons in manners for one day. We might not be so lucky next time.

The dances at the Aylwins' are generally charming, but somehow I did not enjoy this one. There seemed to be an atmosphere

of suspicion enclosing one ; wherever one went one had a feeling of being watched. It was most unpleasant.

There was, however, one subject for congratulation, and that was that no one mistook Hartup for a waiter, or banged up against him in the lancers, or otherwise misbehaved in a way calculated to call forth a lesson in manners. He really might have been anybody else during the greater part of the evening. Towards the end, however, he came to me and said :

‘ Somebody is watching me. I can’t quite make out who it is, but I am positively certain that it is somebody.’

It was very curious, but I simply said :

‘ Oh, nonsense, old chap ! It’s pure imagination.’

This did not satisfy him, however, for he walked about for the rest of the evening trying to find out who it was that was watching him, and glaring at everyone he did not know. When I come to recall the events of the evening one by one I seem to remember that all the servants and the odd waiters wore a suspicious look. I thought it was directed at me. Hartup seems to have come to a different conclusion, so that, of course, it may have been all fancy.

This, however, is fact. Mrs. Aylwin said the next morning that she hoped that no one had missed anything, as there was a rumour that there were suspicious characters in the neighbourhood, and somebody might have got into the house by some means or other. She seemed to think that they were lucky not to have lost half their plate, and awaited anxiously news from her guests of missing brooches and bracelets.

No such news had, however, arrived when Hartup and I took our departure. We had driven it rather sharp, and I wondered why a sleepy-looking man, who had evidently been at the station some time, followed us at the ticket office instead of providing himself with a ticket before. Perhaps it was because he was doubtful whether to go or not, for after crowding on to me as I asked for singles to London, he suddenly walked off to the telegraph office as though he had changed his mind. It struck me that for the last twelve hours people had taken to acting in the most extraordinary manner. I put it down to the companionship of Hartup.

He was sleepy after the dance, and I could find nothing interesting in the newspaper. An earthquake in China seemed too far off to worry about, and the fact that some doctor or other in

Harley Street had had his priceless collection of antique coins stolen did not interest me in the least. There was too much burglary in this world, I thought: it became monotonous. I still hold to my opinion as to there being 'too much,' but on the question of monotony I have changed my mind.

Thank goodness! Here was London. I woke up Hartup with prudent gentleness, and we sallied forth, found our portmanteaux, and were just about to hail a cab.

'Hold on!' I said. 'Didn't you tell that fellow you were—who was rude to you yesterday, that you'd get his bag for him?'

'So I did,' he replied. 'I am glad you reminded me.'

We left our luggage in the cab and made our way towards the Lost Luggage Office. As we did so a solid looking man with a broad clean shaven face with reddened chaps and dressed in plain dark blue left the cab that he had taken next to ours. He, too, had left something in the Lost Luggage Office, it appeared. I had a vague recollection of having seen him somewhere before.

I might have known how it would be. These things always happen to Hartup. The clerk wanted to know what the bag was like and Hartup told him; that did not seem sufficient, so he wanted to know something about its contents, and Hartup replied 'surgical instruments;' then for no reason apparently—except, I have said, that these things always happen to Hartup—the clerk absolutely refused to give up the bag.

Hartup, of course, was furious, and it was well for that clerk that day that he transacted business on the further side of a broad wooden counter. I stood by in a state of nervous agitation, because I hate these disturbances, but the solid man, who had followed us in, appeared to take no notice whatever; in fact, I never saw a man looking more fixedly and yet with more unconcern at a weighing-machine in my life.

Hartup said quite all that was necessary under the circumstances without having any effect on the clerk's decision, and then at last, to my great relief, hurried me off to the telegraph office in order to inform the owner of the bag that he was unable to get possession of it.

'Dr. Byfield, what's this number?—Harley Street,' he said, as he consulted the paper the stranger had given him.

The name seemed familiar to me, though where I had seen it or heard it and in what connection I could not recollect. I

thought it was curious that that day everything seemed to have an air of familiarity.

The solid man also had a telegram to send. He wrote it in the next compartment to the one in which Hartup was pouring out his wrath, and both approached the telegraph clerk at the same time. We, however, were the first to leave the station, and I could almost swear that I heard a cab following us all the way to Hartup's rooms; whether or not the hansom that passed us slowly as we drew up contained the solid man with the red face or not, I cannot really say. It may have been only my fancy.

I had heard somehow or read somewhere that the fixed idea that one is being followed and 'shadowed' is one of the commonest and most reliable symptoms of approaching lunacy, and that report came into my head and worried me, and entirely spoiled my day. I had the idea, that was certain, and reasons too for holding it, but when I came to examine them they seemed vague and intangible. I could not conceal from myself that I had also heard that they—that sort of lunatics—always had reasons. It was part of the symptoms.

The idea had come into being on the evening of the dance, so much was certain, and, fed by groundless suspicions here and illusions there, it had grown and flourished. A respectable looking person with a brown paper parcel did most to build up my fancies. Wherever I went during the day, he seemed to be somewhere near. But then he never took the faintest notice of me. On the other hand, why did he carry about a brown paper parcel all day long? It was a suspicious circumstance, one likely to give rise to a variegated multitude of surmises, but how did it show that he was following me? I muddled my brain in trying to find the proper answer, and finally in a confused sort of way came to the conclusion that a brown paper parcel was the thing to avoid. Then I conceived a fear of all persons with a certain air of respectability, and since there are vast numbers of brown paper parcels in the world, and still a goodly gathering of respectable looking people, I passed the day in tremulous agitation.

The fact that I was not conscious of having committed any particular crime did not give me the solace you might expect. I had none of that feeling of security, of ability to look the whole world in the face, which I had imagined was the bulwark of the innocent. I do not wish to depreciate the merits of guiltlessness nor to weaken the resolve of anyone who happens to be innocent

of anything to remain so, but I must testify that, when you feel that you are being hunted all over the City by some one or other and can't help having your suspicions that half the people you meet are suspecting you, innocence is not the comfort that it should be.

For myself I could not but think that my suspicions were founded on illusion. But that only made it worse. It may have been wrong of me, but I would have preferred to have committed most crimes to being a lunatic. I thought with some bitterness of how I had always looked upon my mind as one of the solid, lasting order. As it was, I might just as well have put my goods in the window and been brilliant while they lasted.

On leaving the City I made my way straight to Hartup's flat, thinking gloomily that it was even another proof of lunacy that I did so, though there surely was enough in the distinct idea I had as I entered that somebody was watching me from round the corner.

Hartup was stamping up and down, and I could see that something had put him out.

'It's a most remarkable thing,' he said, 'but I could swear that someone has been following me about all day.'

Then he had thought so too. We could not both be lunatics. We had been together last night, when the idea first came into my head, and this morning. It was no illusion. We really were being watched. For the moment I had a feeling of intense relief; then, such is the ingratitude of man at his deliverances, once that I knew that I was not the victim of an illusion I felt that this was worse. I groaned and fell into a chair.

'Did you notice a big chap with a clean shaven face at the station this morning?' asked Hartup.

'What was he like?' I asked faintly.

Hartup described him to a hair.

'And I tell you what it is,' he said. 'That chap's following me about for some reason or other. I saw him on the Underground this morning. I could swear he was at Simpson's at lunch time, and if he wasn't walking behind me as I came home I'll eat my hat. I turned round sharp to speak to him about it, but he seemed to sheer off somewhere. If I catch him, I'll'—

'I expect it's all imagination,' I said, with the habitual desire to avoid a fuss. 'Let's go out and dine somewhere. We won't dress, but just go as we are.'

It was a sudden determination of mine. I anticipated some

disturbance, and saw, if there was one, we were in it together, and I seemed to face the prospect with more easiness with a man of Hartup's build by my side. I was quite glad when he acquiesced.

We dined at a place in the Strand and by mutual consent avoided the subject of 'shadowing.' At first Hartup was scarcely himself; he missed several obvious opportunities of exercising his mission, and a stranger would have taken him for a rather shy and retiring man. A good dinner, however, and some of the excellent wine for which the establishment is famous, soon restored him to his former self, and almost scattered from my mind what I vaguely remembered as 'illusions.'

As we stepped forth gaily into the vortex of the Strand, I dropped my gloves and turned to pick them up. Then I noticed in the corridor through which we had passed the back of the solid man with the clean shaven face. I would have recognised it anywhere. His head was half hidden by a silver-plated arrangement, but I could see that he could get a view of our movements by watching the looking glass in front of him. I turned and crawled out after Hartup, and I am sure that the solid man followed us.

To narrate the events and sensations of the next twenty-four hours would be a painful and, I think, unnecessary task. The former were mere repetitions of what the reader has already heard, the latter the same as I experienced before, only more vividly disquieting, as the certainty of our being watched became surer.

Sometimes I would take the most stealthy means of eluding my pursuers, at other times I would put on a bold front and try my utmost to meet whoever it was and pass him by with a look of steadfast unconcern. I don't know which was the more unpleasant or fear-inspiring, but I have not a doubt that either of my methods gave me an unmistakable appearance of conscious guilt. As for Hartup, his natural readiness to overcome obstacles became goaded into a sort of universal truculence, which must have persuaded that clean shaven man that he had to deal with a desperado of the deepest dye.

But there, I will say no more about that twenty-four hours. It is quite bad enough to think about them just before one goes to sleep, or hopes to go to sleep. As for the horrible moment that closed it all, I am simply incapable of describing it.

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I stood looking intently at the scars on the wooden desk, behind which sat an official-looking person taking notes. For the first time I was seriously occupied in wondering what Hartup and I had done that we should suffer these things. It seemed hours since we had given apparently unsatisfactory answers to various questions as to our names, addresses, and occupations.

The solid man with the smooth red face was droning monotonously on. I had become accustomed to him, and felt that I had known him all my life and had never had a happy innocent childhood, for by this time I had become quite convinced that I was guilty of whatever it was, and was sorry that my parents had produced such a son. Another man was supporting my solid friend. He was quite familiar too, although he had no brown paper parcel with him. I felt that if he had not been there something would have been wanting in my environment. Familiar also was the yellow bag upon the table, but the things that had been taken out and thrown beside it I had never seen before.

In a thing like a 'housewife' were a number of curious looking keys with the key part at both ends of them. There was a screw-driver, a couple of chisels, a number of things like those you see on your dentist's table only very much larger, a remarkably narrow lantern, a piece of india-rubber tubing with a blowpipe attached, a wrench, a centre-bit of an odd shape, some bags that looked as though they had been put over muddy boots, some odd bits of candle and pieces of rag, and various other things.

The solid man's voice seemed to be coming from a distance :

' . . . And so I jest missed 'em at the station, but comin' along the platform I found this 'ere and I saw what part of the train it dropped out of, though why they put it out 'eaven knows. Well, what did I do? I opened the bag and 'ad a look at the contents, and so I knew my gentry was in that particular train and that particular part of it. I went to the bookin' office to see what tickets was taken for the train, and found there was a lot for the full journey and only very few for the two stops. Well, what did I do? Thinkin' that as likely as not they would get out at Basinghurst so as to cut across to the other line I asks what tickets there was taken for there. There was only four or five, and the clerk took particular note of this little feller, because of fussin' over 'is change.'

He looked at me. They were going to charge me with

something or other I knew, but it was adding insult to injury to be described as that 'little feller.' I looked defiance at him, but he continued with an air of the most complete self-satisfaction.

'Well, what did I do? I wired along the line the description of 'im, and seein' 'e'd taken two tickets I said there would be a big feller, dark in the face, with 'im. You see the Doctor 'imself 'ad seen the other one, and the gel that see them going off in the cab 'ad said that there was the big one and the little one.'

'Isn't Dr. Byfield coming to identify?' asked the official-looking person.

Hartup, who had been in a state of mingled bewilderment and wrath, looked up as he heard the name. So did I. Byfield! That was the man we telegraphed to—Byfield of Harley Street. And how was it that the name was familiar? Like a flash came the recollection of the burglary I had read of in the train. Harley Street, Byfield—these were the names, and somebody had stolen his collection of coins. But why were we suspected? The yellow bag, the nervous strangers in the railway carriage, our inquiries and telegram—I saw it all.

'Yes,' said the solid man, and had just begun to say: 'Well, what did I do?' when a thin, little old man, whose face seemed to have cut its way through his grey whiskers, hurried in declaring that his time was money.

'Well, where are my coins?' he asked.

The solid man smiled indulgently, and said: 'All in good time.'

'All in good time, indeed!' exclaimed the old gentleman testily. 'What are the police for, I should like to know. They let a man come and consult me at an unearthly hour, while his companion burgles my premises. They let people send me idiotic telegrams about surgical instruments, and waste my time—and my time's worth money—packing off to railway stations thinking I've got my coins, and then I find that somebody had left a bag of burglar's tools behind him. If he hadn't left them himself the police would never have found them, you may be pretty sure of that. And now I come for my coins, and I'm told, "All in good time." What do I pay rates and taxes for? That's what I want to know.'

He paused from physical exhaustion, but pride and self-complacency still beamed in the solid man's eye.

'Perhaps when you've identified the prisoners we shall be able to show you,' he said, and looked towards us.

The old gentleman looked too, but without betraying any signs of recognition.

'Well?' he said.

The solid man smiled and waved his hand towards us.

'Do you recognise the gentleman that came to consult you about 'is 'eart?' he said jocosely, throwing a meaning glance towards Hartup.

'No, I don't,' said the old gentleman.

'E might have been disguised,' suggested the other encouragingly.

'Disguised! Stuff and nonsense! The man had incipient diabetes. Do you think I can't recognise incipient diabetes? What do you take me for? A policeman? I told you distinctly that he was a big man with incipient diabetes, and I thought he had dark hair.'

'Yes, but'—— the solid man began to protest.

'And now you go and bring me a young ruffian with nothing whatever the matter with him. In the meanwhile, where is the other man? Where are my coins?'

Before anyone could frame an answer to this rather pertinent question, a brisk man bustled in, tore off his moustache and some of his hair, and, walking up to the solid-looking person, said:

'Well, you've made a nice mess of it, Carter. Those Harley Street fellows have got clean off. I've just—Hullo, who are these?'

He was looking at us, and then it seemed to strike everyone present that perhaps we might be able to explain. Hartup took it upon himself to begin and, ashamed as I am of all the things connected with that hateful bag, I don't think there is anything that I am more ashamed of than Hartup's explanation. I never heard anything sound more lame or more preposterous than the story which told how what he called a 'little lesson in manners' was at the root of this colossal mass of complications.

Ludicrous and halting though it was, as the result of it nevertheless we found ourselves in the street outside—free men, without a stain upon our characters. If they apologised I did not

hear them, and I rather think that they forgot about it. The entire establishment was occupied in trying to answer Doctor Byfield's questions, and not succeeding in the least at the moment of our departure.

We stood for some time on the pavement collecting our ideas, and we had not yet regained our powers of speech when the voice of the solid-looking man smote on our ears. He was addressing Hartup.

'So you give lessons in manners, do you?' he said.

His tone showed him to be under the influence of some violent emotion, and the smile of complacency no longer flitted over his massive features.

'And do you know what you've done with your blooming lessons?' he continued, advancing closer. 'You've stopped me from "copping" one of the very worst; you've lost a collection of coins worth thousands, and you've made me the laughing stock of the Yard. So I don't think much of it, and, just for a change, I'm going to give you a lesson for yourself.'

It was a lonely spot. Hartup had that which rankled within him and was thirsting for the fray, and I have no doubt that I was a highly privileged person in being a spectator of what then took place; but then, as I have said, I hate a row.

When the lesson began it seemed doubtful as to who should teach the other. Hartup had perhaps the greater amount of information to supply, but his rival received it all with apparent indifference and gradually Hartup became the pupil. It was not a little that he learned, either, before the solid man with a heightened tint upon his nose and a filled-up eye went on his way rejoicing.

I took Hartup home in a cab, and, as I put him gingerly to bed, I freely forgave him everything.

HAROLD WHITE.

*SOME OF MY RECOLLECTIONS OF
CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

BY SIR ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT, BART.

I HAVE often been asked by friends interested in the intellectual life of England in the nineteenth century to set down in writing my recollections of Cardinal Newman. I have hesitated to do so for several grave and weighty reasons. I think I may say that no one who reached man's estate, after the second half of the century had run a certain course, is better acquainted than I am with many opinions and views held by Cardinal Newman, which there was no necessity for him to state publicly, and which in consequence have remained more or less unknown. This circumstance makes it all the more difficult for me to write about him. It has not been thought advisable as yet to publish letters which he himself desired should in due course be given to the world. It was by his letters he wished to be judged. If these letters ever see the light, I feel confident he will appear a greater man, if possible, to his own countrymen than they now hold him to have been, and that he will command in the world at large the admiration of statesmen, as he does now that of philosophers and theologians. Pending the publication, however, of authentic documents, I feel myself bound by all sorts of considerations to confine these observations within very narrow limits. They may nevertheless be of some help to those who had not the honour of knowing Cardinal Newman, in assisting to realise what manner of man he was in the evening of his days.

What he was in early life we know from the descriptions of Froude, Mozley, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Gladstone, and a host of others. We have all read of the mystic halo which wrapped him round at Oxford. The late Sir George Dasent used to delight in telling how, when he was there, the more intellectual and promising of the undergraduates used to gaze at him as he appeared in the pulpit of St. Mary's with an awe as though they perceived the apparition of a saint, and how then they would listen with rapture to a voice, wonderful for the sweetness and music of its tone, filling the crowded edifice with words and thoughts that stirred old and young alike in the very inmost

recesses of their being. Froude describes him at that time as a man above the middle height, slight and spare :

His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose, were almost the same. The lines of his mouth were very peculiar, I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause he represented.

This is a description of Newman as he was towards the end of the thirties of the last century. When I first knew him, some five and twenty years afterwards, in 1860, he had a slight bend, and seemed to me to look older than he really was. Indeed he wrote at that time to a friend of his, Dr. Moriarty, the Bishop of Kerry, a letter, which I saw afterwards, to tell the Bishop that he had seen me, and then he added about himself that he was growing old sensibly, but that his mind was still his own. He was, however, very rapid in his movements, still a great pedestrian, and he talked incessantly while walking. I remember what impressed me in his personal appearance was the massive and powerful head of which Froude speaks, and, perhaps, still more the large and luminous eyes, which seemed to pierce through the veil of this world into the illimitable beyond.

The first time I saw Cardinal Newman was on a day in February 1860, just before his fifty-ninth birthday. I took him a letter from Dr. Bloxam of Magdalen, who had been a friend of his in Tractarian days, but who, I must say, always seemed to me to bear a very suspicious likeness to the figure of Bateman in 'Loss and Gain.' And here I may perhaps be allowed to illustrate from that book Newman's attitude to sentimental religion. One day Bateman asks his acquaintance Sheffield to come and look at a new chapel, which was to be dedicated to the Royal Martyr, for 'why should we not have our St. Charles as well as the Romanists?' and he goes on to insist that 'it will be quite sweet to hear the Vesper-bell tolling over the sullen moor every evening in all weathers and amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life.' Sheffield prosaically asks what congregation may be expected. Bateman tells him that is a low view, and that whether there is a

congregation or not the bell will be a memento far and near. Then Sheffield, who represents Newman, insists that in that case the use of the chapel will be not for those that come, but for those that stay away. 'The congregation is outside, not inside; it's an outside concern. I once saw a tall church-tower—so it appeared from the road; but on the sides you saw it was but a thin wall, made to look like a tower, in order to give the church an imposing effect. Do run up a bit of a wall, and put the bell in it.'

I also carried at the same time a message to Newman from Dean Stanley, who was then a Canon of Christchurch and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Stanley had a short time before preached a sermon at St. Mary's, which had pleased Newman, and he was delighted to receive the message I brought. And perhaps it may interest the readers of this article to know that, notwithstanding his wide and fundamental differences with Dean Stanley, Newman entertained always the strongest feelings of personal regard for that brilliant and charming man, and was most interested in all concerning him. From the time I first knew Stanley at Oxford till the hour of his lamented death I had the pleasure and privilege of his intimate acquaintance. Newman knew this, and I never went to Birmingham that he did not ask affectionately after Stanley and send him some message. I believe I was instrumental in bringing them again, after years of separation, into direct personal intercourse some few years before Dean Stanley disappeared from the scene.

When I first arrived at the Oratory, I was shown into a small parlour very barely furnished, in which one solitary print was hanging on the wall. It was a picture of Oxford, and round the frame was carved the verse from the thirty-seventh chapter of the prophet Ezekiel: 'Fili hominis, putasne vivent ossa ista? Et dixi: Domine Deus, tu nosti.'

I had heard of this picture at Oxford and of the legend round it. I was looking at it when the door opened and Newman entered. Almost the very first words he said to me were these: 'You are looking at that picture, I see. It was given me by a friend, but I dislike the inscription round it very much. It is singularly unhappy to suggest a comparison between the colleges at Oxford and the dry bones in the valley of the prophet's vision.' These words are still ringing in my ears. They were almost the first I ever heard uttered by that wonderful voice. Newman's affection for Oxford was one of his most marked characteristics. In

a note which I have seen he describes a picture of Trinity which was so placed in his bedroom that his eyes fell upon it the first thing in the morning, and he adds that he loved to look at it.

Nothing in later life gave him so much pleasure as the honorary fellowship conferred upon him by that college of his undergraduate days, to which he alludes in such touching language in the 'Apologia.' When Newman went to Oxford after he was a Cardinal, his old tutor, the Rev. Thomas Short, was still alive. Short must have been about ninety, if not over. He was blind, but he determined to go up to Trinity to grasp the hand of the most distinguished of his pupils. When the two met they were both much moved. 'Well, Newman,' said the old man, 'I am perhaps the person of all others who has had the most influence on your life.' 'Yes, indeed,' was the reply of the great Cardinal. 'I remember well when I was going in for the Oriel Fellowship, I felt very unwell and dispirited; I went into your rooms while you were dining alone and told you I intended to give up the contest; it was your strong remonstrances that prevented me from doing so.' Newman, as we know, went in and won, and the winning of that Fellowship determined his whole subsequent career.

I remember distinctly getting at once the impression from my very first conversation with Newman that the opinion then very commonly held as to his position to the intellect of the modern world was quite erroneous, and I was confirmed in this view some little time afterwards. He spoke to me about Mr. Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' I saw clearly from the tone of his observations that both Roman Catholics and Anglicans were equally wrong in their views of his attitude to free scientific inquiry. Nothing could be more mistaken than to imagine that he looked at it askance, or felt any alarm whatever as to its ultimate effects on Christian faith. That was certainly not perceived by the world at large in 1860. Even men who knew him fairly well were quite mistaken about him. They imagined he closed his mind to the teachings of science and that he clung to the Church of Rome out of fear of free inquiry. I am afraid that even at the present moment there are some who ought to know better who still misunderstand him in this respect. They mistake the critical faculty which made it impossible for him to accept as gospel scientific propositions which may be true but are still unproven for a cowardly and untruthful state of mind which must culminate in hopeless obscurantism.

There were very few in England who realised more thoroughly

the far-reaching consequences of Mr. Darwin's great book. Newman had been familiar with the idea of evolution for many years. Mr. Hutton has pointed out how the 'Essay on Development' anticipated Darwin, and a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' of July this year on 'The Time-spirit of the Nineteenth Century' shows how in this work Newman uses the very words of biology, and how, as regards the actual tests of true development in ideas towards self-realisation, Newman's phraseology is almost identical with that of Hegel, whose writings, I may add, Newman had never read. I remember a striking story which I heard from the late Dr. Sullivan, the President of the Queen's College in Cork. In the year 1857 Newman asked Sullivan to take a walk with him in the neighbourhood of Dublin. When they started, Newman began to ask certain questions of a very searching character as regards chemical science and investigation. Sullivan was soon absorbed in observing a man of genius dealing with a subject which was quite unfamiliar to him. They walked the whole day, and in the evening found themselves on Killiney Hill, where they sat down to enjoy the sight of a splendid sunset. Suddenly Newman turned to Sullivan and said, 'I wonder whether the tests I have applied to theological development would hold water if they were applied in the physiological order.' This was two years before the appearance of Darwin's book.

But it was not only as regards science that Newman was critical in accepting commonly received doctrine. Although, or perhaps because, he accepted with his whole heart and soul the guidance of the Church, he was always on guard against hasty and inadequate collation of her authoritative definitions. And this mental attitude always annoyed eager and impatient minds, both among religious people and those who reject revelation. It was the dominating cause of the unpopularity of Newman with Ultramontanes and of the suspicion with which he was regarded by many individuals in very high places in the Church of Rome. Persons who cut their way to what they call 'truth' by rough and ready processes will always be annoyed when they come across an intellect like that of Newman or Pascal. The great subtlety of Newman's intellect necessarily seemed to simple, commonplace, and untutored minds as having upon it the note of indirectness. There is a striking illustration of the way Newman looked at human life and phenomena of the universe in the 'Apologia,' in a passage where he contrasts the indissoluble connection between belief in self and

belief in God with the mystery of the world as it actually presents itself to us :—

The tokens, so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointment of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope, and without God in the world,' all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

Mr. Hutton, speaking of this passage, points out that the mind, which could grasp with such power the paradox of human life in its connection with divine revelation, must have appeared to many unnatural and wanting in straightforwardness. That impression was sure to be made on any man who could not understand a nature so wide and sensitive to every kind of delicate attraction and repulsion as that of Cardinal Newman. 'The simplicity of minds such as Newman's,' says Mr. Hutton, 'profound as it is, will seem anything but simplicity, will seem complexity, to other men, while the anxious forecast of it will seem artificial.'

So dark a forethought rolled about his brain,
As on a dull day in an Ocean cave,
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence.

From the first moment I saw Cardinal Newman, I experienced the inexplicable fascination which all men, high and low, rich and poor, intellectual or otherwise, felt in his presence. It is hard to define the secret of his spell. It consisted partly in the bright, original, startling way in which he touched into life old truths, moral, religious or political. Then there was the extraordinary attraction of voice and manner. We know how he impressed Dr. Arnold, one of the most powerful of his adversaries, who, after spending an evening with him at Oriel, paid such a tribute to his power of fascination that he told Stanley 'It would not do to meet him often!' But his influence over rough and even brutal men was not less great than over the most educated and refined. I myself saw many indications of this when walking out with Newman through rough quarters in Birmingham and the neighbourhood, during some of my visits to him. But I can give two very striking illustrations of this power which I have from

most trustworthy witnesses. The late Father Lockhart told me, indeed I think he has since published the story, that when he was at Oxford and an undergraduate, there was one November a 'Town and Gown' riot of more than ordinary dimensions. Lockhart was in the High when suddenly he saw Newman, who was then Proctor, appear upon the scene. Prominent amongst the 'Town' was a huge butcher, who had in his hand a formidable club and was going straight up to Newman shouting and blaspheming, and with the evident intention of doing mischief.

Lockhart, who must have been then an exceptionally athletic and powerful young man, ran forward to protect Newman. The latter stood quietly till the man came near him; then, looking fixedly at his threatening antagonist, simply said, 'You really ought to be ashamed of yourself to use such language, and to menace me in this way. Don't you think you had better go home?' The man slunk away abashed.

Another instance of Newman's power over such persons, and mentioned by Mozley in his 'Reminiscences of Oriel,' was also told me by the late Mr. Walter. Newman, when he was a very young man, riding or walking one day on a country road, observed a waggoner sitting on the shaft of a loaded waggon going downhill. The man lost his balance, fell to the ground, the waggon passed over him and he was crushed to death. Newman made a resolution there and then that he would never pass a man riding on the shaft of a loaded waggon without remonstrance. Years afterwards, he was walking with a friend on a road in the neighbourhood of Oxford; he suddenly left the path where they were walking, and, moving quickly into the middle of the road, went towards a heavily loaded waggon drawn by four horses and seized the leaders by the heads. The driver, who was sitting on a shaft, got into a furious rage, and, jumping down, went for Newman with his whip. Newman, without showing the slightest flurry, simply looked at him and said, 'I only wanted you to get off the shaft. It is very dangerous to ride like that. I once saw a man killed in that way; besides, I see you have been drinking too much, and it would be much better for you to walk.' The man quietly submitted without any remonstrance, even the slightest.

Newman was the kindest and most considerate of men, and also the most outspoken to anyone who went to him in mental trouble or perplexity. But he was reserve itself to a person who came to see him out of curiosity or to discover his opinions on

current events. Such visitors would sometimes be repelled with great severity; at other times put off with good humour. I remember hearing once at a moment when the question of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff was acute and pressing, that the first Lord Howard of Glossop, then Lord Edward Howard, the late Lord Emly, then Mr. Monsell, the late Mr. More O'Farrell and Lord Acton, who was then Sir John Acton, went down to Birmingham to try and discover Newman's view of the situation. They were received with great courtesy, and Newman was more than usually charming. After lunch, however, they began to perceive that it was time for them to make some effort to discover what they had come to find out. Lord Edward Howard began by saying that the political situation in Europe was extremely unsettled, and likely to become more so, that Hungary was on the eve of revolution, that Poland was in a flame, and that the greatest anxiety was felt in high quarters in London as to future and immediate developments in Italy. Newman broke in by saying, 'Oh yes, it is all very dreadful to be sure. And then there's China, and then there's New Zealand'! Lord Edward Howard told me a day or two afterwards the story of this mission, at which no one was more intensely amused than he was himself. A short time after this a high dignitary of the Church of Rome went to Newman to try and get his views as to the line taken by the 'Home and Foreign Review,' of which Lord Acton was the editor. Newman listened for some time to the distinguished ecclesiastic, and then said with the greatest gravity, 'Acton is on the sunny side of thirty.'

The views of Newman as regards the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff and his attitude to the Italian movement have perplexed many people. They will become clear enough, however, if certain letters which he wrote in the sixties, and which he desired should be published, ever see the light. One thing is certain, he took the warmest interest in everything tending to the welfare of Italy. The Austrian domination in Lombardy and the Austrian influence over states in the peninsula, supposed to be independent, he held in abomination. The rule of Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom he once characterised to me in tones of concentrated contemptuous bitterness as 'government by the stick.' The line of Austrian policy generally as determined by influences at Vienna was hateful to him. One day, speaking to me of Italian affairs, he said, 'I have always felt that

Austria was a representative of the policy of wooden oppression, and ever since the days of my youth I have had a strange romantic love for Italy. That love has lasted through my whole life and is now more intense than ever.'

I believe that during his long life few men could show a greater record of consistency in opinion than Cardinal Newman. Even in questions to which I do not care now to allude, and on which many consider that he altered his mind completely, the change was much less than is generally imagined. So it was, I believe, with reference to the temporal power. In the year 1833 he wrote these words from Italy:—

Rome is a very difficult place to speak of, from the mixture of good and evil in it. The heathen state was accursed as one of the infidel monsters of Daniel's visions; and the Christian system there is deplorably corrupt—yet the dust of the Apostles lies there and the present clergy are their descendants. . . . I am a great believer in the existence of *genii locorum*. Rome has had one character for 2,500 years; of late centuries the Christian Church has been the instrument by which it has acted—it is its slave. The day will come when the captive will be set free; but how a distinction is to be drawn between two powers, spiritual and devilish, which are so strangely united, is as much beyond our imagination as it was beyond the power of the servants in the parable to pull up the tares from the wheat; but that it is incomprehensible is no objection to the notion of God's doing it. Indeed, the more I have seen of Rome the more wonderful I have thought that parable, as if it had a directly prophetic character which is fulfilled in the Papacy.

Cardinal Newman did no doubt adopt a different tone in speaking of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in 1860, but I am convinced that the views expressed in the passage I have just quoted expressed his fundamental conviction to his dying day. No man of his generation was more firmly attached to the Holy See, or held it in greater veneration. But it was a discriminating veneration, and although not of course a believer in the Donation of Constantine, he entirely agreed with Dante as to the baneful consequences of that fatal gift.

In the last days of the year 1859 the 'Times' correspondent in Paris announced that a little work was about to appear on the Italian question, by the author of a publication called 'Napoléon III. et l'Italie,' which came out in the beginning of the year. As this work was written by M. de la Guéronnière, and inspired by the Emperor himself, all Europe looked forward with intense interest to the coming pamphlet, knowing that it would express the views of the head of what was then far the most powerful Government on the Continent, on the pressing question

of the hour. On the morning of December 22 the 'Constitutionnel' announced with much solemnity that the pamphlet had appeared. That afternoon it was to be seen in the windows of all the booksellers in Paris and on the well-known stalls of the Palais Royal. It was called 'Le Pape et le Congrès.' It made an immense sensation. The 'Morning Post' did not hesitate to name its author. The 'Times,' with more reserve, but with greater weight and accuracy, described it as the manifesto of the French Government. The numerous extracts published in the French press, and the deferential tone of all the official journals, confirmed the rumour that it was directly inspired by the Emperor, and, after a few days, as there was no official denial, this was assumed as certain. A little time afterwards Villemain wrote: 'On a comparé la brochure à "l'Imitation de Jésus-Christ," sans doute pour faire comprendre la grandeur d'une œuvre dont l'auteur veut pourtant rester inconnu.' The Emperor did not deny his responsibility. Lord Cowley, writing to Lord John Russell on Christmas Day 1859, said that the Emperor did not admit that he had actually written 'Le Pape et le Congrès,' but that he openly avowed that he held all the views expressed in it.

No pamphlet that appeared in the second half of the nineteenth century was more widely read or made so great an impression as this one. The only writing to be compared with it, as regards the sensation its appearance caused in France, was the open letter written by the Duc d'Aumale to Prince Napoléon, entitled 'Qu'avez-vous fait de la France?' In Paris its contents were devoured with the same avidity, and the impression it produced was as deep as that of the famous pamphlet of Chateaubriand—'Bonaparte et les Bourbons,' when in March 1814 he sounded the trumpet which raised the Bourbons from the dead. The tone of 'Le Pape et le Congrès' was by no means what it ought to have been as regards the Holy See, but it morally committed the French Government to guarantees for the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, as well as to the principle of the temporal power. The temporal power was declared to be not only desirable but absolutely necessary, yet the author urged that the extent of territory which the Pope might rule over could not be taken as the measure of his international position. On the contrary, he contended that, as regards the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, 'plus le territoire sera petit, plus le souverain sera grand.' He urged that it would be in the interests of the

Pope, of Italy, of the Powers, and, above all, of the Catholic Church, that the temporal sovereignty of the Father of Christendom should be confined to the city of Rome and to a small portion of the adjoining country. The public life of the city would be concentrated in the municipality. The Pope would remain a sovereign, and would be provided with a civil list to which the Catholic Powers should generously contribute. His Holiness was to have all his rights and privileges guaranteed by all the great Powers, Protestant and Catholic. It was further argued that the position which the Roman Pontiff would be placed in under this plan would protect him from all the strongest forces of revolution, because they would have no longer an interest in attacking him. This, in a few words, is the theory of this famous pamphlet. It is difficult for us now to throw ourselves into the state of mind of the large number of fervent and sensible Catholics who opposed its policy so vehemently, and felt themselves so deeply aggrieved by its main contention. The tone, as I have said, was no doubt disrespectful and most irritating, but that should not have prevented leaders of Catholic opinion from perceiving how the concessions made in the pamphlet would have enabled them to maintain some temporal power for the Pope, if they wished to do so, as they no doubt sincerely did.

'*Le Pape et le Congrès*,' however, was received with a storm of indignation. A couple of days after it appeared, Dupanloup, the brilliant Bishop of Orléans, published a reply, sparkling with caustic wit and a model of splendid eloquence, which showed clearly the line that would be taken by the school of French Catholics of which he was an illustrious leader, and which in 1860 guided intellectual Catholicism everywhere. The Ultramontane party were vehemently hostile to any transaction with the Government presided over by Cavour. This party would just as soon have entered into negotiations with the sinister forces directed by Mazzini. In France members of this party, which had a short time before compared Napoleon III. to Charlemagne, now mentioned his name in connection with that of the Emperor Julian.

Newman did not agree with either of these parties. In 1860 he was more indifferent, a good deal, to the temporal power than any leading Catholic out of Italy. He was less friendly to it than Döllinger; but at the same time he disliked intensely the tone, and he could not at all approve of many of the actions,

of those who were engaged in, or in active sympathy with, the movement for the reconstruction of Italy. Newman's real views on this subject differed hardly at all from those of Manzoni, of the Abbate Stellardi, which may be found in '*Storia Documentata*,' published by Bianchi,¹ of Tosti, the learned Benedictine, and of George Darboy, the illustrious Archbishop of Paris. There were very few bishops, if any, in the Roman Catholic Church with whom Newman agreed so entirely as regards the attitude of the Church, not alone to the Italian question, but to modern society in general, as Darboy. I remember well the tone of cordial sympathy with which he used to speak of Darboy, and the delight which he took in reading the pastoral letters and the speeches in the French Senate of that archbishop. They never met. Had they done so they would hardly have been able to appreciate each other more than they did. Newman could not speak French, and Darboy, though he read English a good deal, could hardly have conversed in our tongue. I never heard him try to do so. Newman was one of the very few ecclesiastics not Frenchmen whom Darboy knew anything about. He always had an instinctive feeling that Newman sympathised with him in a position in France which was as isolated as Newman's own in England. When, in 1870, I told him that Newman had expressed general agreement with him and was delighted with his attitude to the Roman question both in the Senate and in one or two of his pastorals, I have not often seen a man more pleased.

Perhaps I may here mention a circumstance in the life of Darboy which illustrates also Newman's view as to what ought to be the attitude of a Christian bishop towards erring brethren. Towards the end of the sixties Père Hyacinth, now known as the Abbé Loyson, who was then a Carmelite monk, suddenly left his convent, in total disregard of ecclesiastical law and practice, and went into rebellion against the ecclesiastical ordinances. This happened in the diocese of Paris. Archbishop Darboy remained silent. Several bishops, and, I believe, authorities from Rome, urged him to censure the recalcitrant friar. One day, when some French bishops called on him and besought him to do so, he replied, 'Père Hyacinth must suffer greatly at this moment. It is not my business to inflict additional pain on a person already in suffering.' This was a reply after Newman's

¹ Bianchi, *Storia Documentata*, viii. 398 seq.

own heart, and when he heard it it strengthened his admiration for the Archbishop of Paris, quite apart from his agreement with him on the Italian question. Some years afterwards a Roman Catholic priest left a certain religious house in London, and at the same time abjured Roman Catholicism. He met subsequently a Roman Catholic friend, and told him that he looked upon his life in the community with which he had spent many years as a dream. This was repeated to Newman, who simply remarked, 'How very unhappy he must still feel.' I can testify that I never heard Newman make any other but the most kindly remarks about men who had either left the Roman Church, or who were in trouble or in doubt regarding their obligations of allegiance to that Church, or even as to whether they should express conformity with the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

I am anxious to make the views of Newman on the Italian question as clear as I can, because I think they reveal statesman-like qualities which, as far as I know, those who have written about him, with the single exception of Dean Church, have failed to perceive. Newman differed entirely from all the French Catholics, with perhaps the single exception of Lacordaire, no matter whether they belonged to the school of which Montalembert was the most distinguished member or whether they were partisans of M. Veuillot. The public man he most agreed with was Massimo d'Azeglio. I remember well the interest with which he followed the debate in the Parliament in Turin, which opened on November 7, 1864. He entirely agreed with the remarks of the Marquis Visconti Venosta when that illustrious man, who is happily still with us, spoke of the gradual move towards solution; but the speech of Massimo d'Azeglio in the Senate entirely expressed his views. 'I cannot believe,' said d'Azeglio, 'that Catholicism will ever admit that beside the Pope in the Vatican the king should be established on the Capitol.' D'Azeglio was in favour, in a sense, of *Roma capitale*. That did not mean that he desired that the seat of the Italian Government should ever be in Rome. The 'Eternal City,' according to him, should have an exceptional position in the kingdom of Italy; and the Pope should be endowed with certain rights and privileges, so that his perfect freedom should be secured. There was to be no question of any change whatever in the status of the Papacy, or anything tending in the remotest degree to reduce the Father of Christendom to the position of a Primate of the Italian king-

dom. Rome, in Newman's words, was not to be turned into a 'prim, modern city.' The very respect which the Italian statesmen would show for the traditions and feelings connected with Rome would strengthen them in their work of reconstructing Italy. Newman was most strong and definite in his views that the work in which Italian statesmen were engaged would be accomplished with greater ease, with more prospect of long duration, with more certainty of placing Italy in the councils of the nations, in the position which those who loved her desired she should occupy, by respecting and clinging as firmly as possible to the local and municipal traditions which are the most interesting and even glorious characteristics of her history. If I remember rightly, these views were put forward tentatively at the time in the 'Weekly Register,' which was then owned and edited by Mr. Henry Wilberforce, whose relations with Newman were exceptionally intimate. I have heard it said by those who ought to know that Cavour went a great way with them. Cantù, the historian, assured me that Cavour never desired that Rome should be the seat of the Italian Government. I have reason to believe that there are distinguished Italians still living, who took part in the Italian struggles of forty years ago, who regret deeply that the permanent seat of the Italian Government was ever placed in Rome. The relations between Italy and the Church seem now in an *impasse*. This deplorable result, injurious both to the Church and Italy, might have been easily prevented. It is the outcome of the policy which will be connected in history with the name of Cardinal Antonelli, and which consisted in using the powers at his disposal to offer passive resistance to all projects of reform and to all proposals of compromise. The inevitable consequence has been to strengthen extreme parties, to the detriment of the State and the still greater injury of the spiritual interests of the nation.

The life Cardinal Newman led at the Oratory was extremely simple. Up to a very advanced period of his life he rose at five o'clock. At seven he said his mass; at eight he breakfasted; at nine he invariably returned to his study, where he remained till two or three o'clock. He always kept on his table the edition of Gibbon with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Dollinger's 'Heidenthum und Judenthum,' almost always the copy of 'Athanasius' which had belonged to Bossuet, and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great

bishop, the 'last of the Fathers,' as Newman delighted to call him. Newman had also always near at hand some Greek poet or philosopher. Talking to me one day about Greek thinkers, he said—and I believe he has mentioned it to others—that he owed little or nothing intellectually to any Latin writer, with one exception. That exception was, not St. Augustine, but Cicero. He always maintained that he owed his marvellous style to the persistent study of Cicero. This will strike, no doubt, many people as most strange. St. Augustine, one would think, would have appealed to Newman; and his Latin was more picturesque than that of Cicero. Again, authorities say that Newman wrote better English than Cicero Latin. Nevertheless, he constantly insisted on his obligations to the great Roman statesman. After lunch Newman took a walk or went to see people with whom he had business. He dined at six o'clock, retired to his room soon after seven, and went to bed about ten. Occasionally he used to go out for two or three days to a small country-house some miles out of Birmingham, which he had purchased. He loved that little place in the Worcestershire hills, and he was buried in its grounds. After he became a cardinal he made no change in his habits. His dress was that of an ordinary Oratorian, except that he wore a red biretta and that his cassock had red edges and buttons, showing his dignity. He wished people to treat him as much as possible as they did before his elevation to the Sacred College, and he disliked intensely genuflexions being made to him, or being the object of any of those artificial or extravagant deferences which Catholics in England sometimes pay to ecclesiastics of high position. He accepted the cardinalate because it indicated some approval of his teaching generally by the Holy See. He would not have cared for it as a mere personal honour. Some years before he was made a cardinal it was proposed to confer an ecclesiastical distinction upon him. The offer was made through his friend Father Ambrose St. John, then in Rome. Newman telegraphed to St. John, 'Above all things—No decorations for me.'

I saw him for the last time on the Easter Monday before his death. He received me in his private room, which was in exactly the same state, and with the very same books on the table, as it was when I first entered it, some thirty years before. He spoke to me about his end, which he knew could not be far off, about Dollinger, who had died a few months before, and about the

Italian question in its various bearings, with the fire and energy which I remember so well in 1860. He deplored the actual state of Italy, and was deeply grieved at its maladministration and, as he considered, its mistaken foreign policy. As regards the relations which Italy in her own interest should seek to establish with the Powers, Newman was entirely at one with the views of Mr. Gladstone and of the late Sir James Lacaita. He was no friend of the Triple Alliance from the point of view of Italian interests. It is unnecessary, of course, for me to add that he was grieved beyond measure at every indication of hostility on the part of any political party in Italy to religion and the Church. He still, however, looked with undying hope to the future of the Italian people and to the good estate of United Italy. One of the last, if not quite the last, words that he said to me as I was leaving his room was to remind me of the love he had had for Italy since the days of his early life. 'What a beautiful country!' he said. 'What a gifted people! How they have been debased, particularly in the south, by arbitrary government, tyranny, and oppression!' It was his ardent and dying desire that a reconciliation between Italy and the Papacy should be brought about, and that the Italian people, by honourable performance of civic duties, loyalty to the best traditions of their race, and by their respect for religion, should acquire and maintain a leading place among the nations of the earth.

MUSIC IN FICTION.

'THERE'S not a house you go into,' said Miss Pratt, a hundred years ago in 'The Inheritance,' 'but some of the family are musical.' One hardly likes to think what that voluble lady's feelings and language would be, could she make her way into the castles and lodges where dwell the descendants of the Rossvilles and the Whytes and all the rest of them, and note there the evidences of present-day musical interest. Could she go further and visit just such a row of red-brick villas as that where old Mr. Adam Ramsay lived, and know that in all probability a pianoforte is to be found in each of them, even Miss Pratt's tongue would, I think, fail her for once.

It is true that since the discovery of 'Bridge' the pianoforte remains shut in a good many houses where formerly it was sure to be opened after dinner, and used for accompaniments to 'Coon' songs and the 'Geisha,' but these are for the most part what are called 'great houses,' and they are in a minority. In Miss Edgeworth's 'Helen' there is an interesting argument between Lady Davenant and Mr. Harley as to the comparative power in society of music and cards. Lady Davenant is all for what she aptly describes as 'the silent superiority of cards,' and says, 'Cards in their day (and their day is not over yet) had a wider influence than music.' No doubt the view she took was a sound one in her time, and there may be a Lady Davenant or two at the present moment who would argue that cards are more useful and powerful, socially, than music. But Mr. Harley would in these days have the best of the argument and the largest following, for the people who are not musical, or who do not try to appear so, are getting very rare indeed, of that we may be sure.

It is curious that the best novels of our own period which deal with contemporary social life have so little to say about music. Here and there allusions to it may be found, and the second-rate 'society' novelist knows its value, but there is nothing either illuminating or amusing, nothing which, in a hundred years' time, will enlighten the serious student of our manners, or divert the musical reader who shall stumble upon the forgotten novels of Victorian times. Very different is it with many of the novels

which paint that period of which the year 1800 may be taken as a centre: from Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen and Miss Ferrier especially we can get many a curious glimpse at the amateur musical doings of their times. It cannot be pretended that those doings were really of much importance, but they are often vastly entertaining.

The period which saw the work of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven was, musically speaking, a Golden Age, but the influence of German music was unfelt in London drawing-rooms as it was in English country-houses. Italian music, and that not always of the highest class, was preferred, in professedly musical circles, to the exclusion of all other. Miss Edgeworth is a mine of information on the subject. It seems as if there never was such a musical house as Mrs. Falconer's in 'Patronage.' We learn from that delightful novel not only who were the favourite composers in the last century eighties, but that in certain characteristics London musical society was then very much as it is now. There was the same anxiety on the part of entertainers to secure professional musicians at their parties without cost; there were the same charity concerts, at which popular vocalists are expected to give their services, and look as if they liked it.

'Now, my dear,' says Mrs. Falconer to her husband, 'I must trouble you to sign this draft for our concert last week. These public singers are terribly expensive, yet at a concert one must have them, and one cannot have them without coming up to their price.'

'Why do you not do as others do?' replies Mr. Falconer. 'Let these musical professors give a concert at your house: then, instead of paying them, you share their profits, and you have the best company at your house into the bargain.'

'Such things are done, I know,' says Mrs. Falconer, 'and by people of rank too.'

There are no extinct species, it is to be feared, in the world of snobs, and these 'people of rank' have their counterpart to-day. How superior in these matters was poor, much-abused Mrs. Rawdon Crawley to the rich and virtuous Mrs. Falconer! The greatest artists would 'leave off their sore throats' in order to sing for Becky. This was because she was kind to them, said 'Hush' at Gaunt House when they began to sing, and even crossed the rope-marked line which separated the contaminating performer from the immaculate listener. But Mrs. Falconer had amateur

concerts as well as professional. There was one at which Dr. Mudge 'for ever established his fame in "Buds of Roses,"' and Miss La Grande was 'astonishing, absolutely astonishing in "Frenar vorrei le lagrime,"' in Catalani's best manner, while Miss Georgiana Falconer was divine in 'Giovè onnipotente.' On one occasion the ladies at Mrs. Falconer's were kind enough to turn over their music-books, and Alfred Percy 'for some minutes heard only the names of La Tour, Winter, Von Esch, Lanza, Portogallo, Mortellari, Guglielmi, Sacchini, Sarti, Paisiello, pronounced in various tones of ecstasy and execration.' It is mortifying that we do not know which were the composers praised, and which the condemned. I incline to the belief that the last three may have been the unpopular composers, for they probably are the best on the list, and some light is thrown on the Misses Falconer's taste by their polite reference, at another time, to certain musicians whose names do not live in dictionaries alone. They were speaking of 'those two eternal Miss Byngs, with voices like cracked bells, and with their old-fashioned music, Handel, Corelli, Pergolesi—horrid!' Mortellari preferred to Handel, and Portogallo to Corelli! Even so at the present day, there are doubtless those who prefer Miss Maude White to Sir Hubert Parry, and Mascagni and Massenet to Mozart. Still, the standard of taste in the 'Patronage' period was, in some points, higher than it is in our day. French songs, with feverish words by Verlaine and other poets who feed on passion, are sung to-day by amateurs and professionals alike, and not an eyebrow is raised in question as the singer describes, in his or her best '*voix blanche*,' the unveiled perfections of the poet's mistress, or the ardour of their embracings. Godfrey Percy would have been horrified at this kind of thing. When he went to call on Miss Hauton at Clermont Park, she was found at the piano. 'Her voice was delightful, but he was surprised, and not pleased, by the choice of her songs: she was singing songs which, to use the gentlest expression, were rather too *anacreontic*, songs which, though sanctioned by fashion, were not such as a young lady of taste would prefer, or such as a man of delicacy would like to hear from his sister or his wife.' If the offending songs were of a kind common enough in the time of Purcell and his immediate successors, then Mr. Percy had reason indeed. But by the time of George III. songs of that type were as *démodé* as Handel, Corelli, or Pergolesi were in Hauton and Falconer society; so that the conclusion cannot be resisted that

Godfrey was very 'nice' in his taste. Not quite so nice, however, as that writer of fashionable novels, when George IV. was king, Mr. Lister, author of 'Granby,' and first husband of clever Lady Cornwall Lewis. There was a lady in his 'Anne Grey' who 'sang with an impassioned richness in her voice, such as enchained and captivated the sense of the listener. . . . It was a style unlike the generality of that which is heard in private society. It was a style which perhaps we should be unwilling to hear, beautiful though it was, from a sister, or a daughter, or a wife.' Here it is not the poetry or the music of which true refinement cannot approve, it is the rich voice, combined with the unamateurish style, which is indelicate.

Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Lister, who both 'moved in the best society,' wrote about very aristocratic people indeed. Dukes and their relations are hardly more common among the *dramatis personæ* of an up-to-date playwright than they are in the pages of the irresistible Irishwoman or the elegant Englishman. Miss Pratt, too, whom I began by quoting, was nothing if not aristocratic, and her creator, Miss Ferrier, had as good opportunity as anyone of knowing the state of music in Scotland.

It would not be fair, then, to infer too much from these authorities as to the diffusion of musical taste in their time. Mr. Austen Leigh, in his 'Memoir of Jane Austen,' says distinctly that music at that time was not by any means as universal an accomplishment as Miss Pratt believed it to be. He tells us that pianofortes were only found in specially musical houses; in fact, they were about as common as billiard tables are now. This seems as if it might be an exaggeration; a billiard table needs a large room, and is consequently kept out of many houses where it would otherwise be found. Pianofortes take up but little space, and even Mrs. Bates's little first-floor parlour, in the main street of Highbury, was large enough to take in the square piano which Frank Churchill sent down from Broadwood's, and around which so much delightful mystery and gossip centred. Of course there was a piano at Hartfield, and the 'good Coles' had their new Grand, although Mr. Cole did not know one note from another. We are not actually shown Mrs. Elton's 'instrument,' but she must have had a very elegant one; perhaps it was a wedding present from Mrs. Bragge or Mrs. Smallridge. Miss Austen does not mention the name of any pianoforte-maker but Broadwood, so we do not know

who was patronised by Mr. Cole or Mr. Woodhouse. Perhaps Stoddart of Golden Square, or Clementi of Cheapside, or Kirkman of Old Broad Street. The compass would be but five octaves, the case would be mahogany, bound and ornamented with brass or tortoiseshell; and the tone of Miss Austen's pianoforte would seem to us, could we hear it, as cracked and wizened as did Miss Honeyman's piano (which she thought a delightful instrument—it had been Charles's) to Ethel Newcome and her little brothers. Miss Austen knew what she was talking about when she introduced musical topics. It is recorded of her that she used to get up early in the morning to practise, and it is pleasant to reflect how completely this would have won the approval of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Although Mrs. Collins had been accustomed to a pianoforte when she was Miss Charlotte Lucas—a pianoforte on which Mary Bennett had, no doubt, performed her long and dull concertos—her worthy William evidently did not think it necessary that Hunsford Parsonage should possess one. Perhaps it would have been too close an imitation of Rosings. Two pianos were to be found there, and Lady Catherine is never more characteristic than when discussing music.

‘Do you play and sing, Miss Bennett?’

‘A little.’

‘Oh, then, we shall be happy to hear you some time or other—our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to——. Do your sisters play and sing?’

‘One of them does.’

‘Why did you not all learn? You ought to have learned. The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as yours.’ Clearly Lady Catherine wished music to be as general an accomplishment as Miss Pratt alleged it to be. Overhearing Colonel Fitzwilliam and Elizabeth talking of music, she interposes:

‘I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt, I should have been a great proficient. I often tell young ladies that no excellence in music is to be acquired without constant practice. I have told Miss Bennett several times that she will never play really well unless she practises more, and though Mrs. Collins has no instrument, she is very welcome to come to Rosings every day, and play on the

pianoforte in Mrs. Jenkinson's room; she would be in nobody's way, you know, in that part of the house.'

Could any musician, amateur or professional, give a modern Miss Bennett better advice than this?

In Miss Austen's time the piano, which had only come into vogue some thirty or forty years previously, had a serious rival in the harp. This was so, at any rate, amongst people rich enough to afford the more expensive instrument. A whole flood of light is poured upon the musical amateur question by a remark made by Lady Susan Vernon in a letter to Mrs. Johnson: 'I want Frederica to play with some portion of taste, and a good deal of assurance, for she has my hand and arm.' She would have been on Mr. Harley's side in the discussion concerning the social influence of cards and music. Does not this delightful sentence remind us at once of Mr. Snob's visit to the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto's '*ung peu de musique au salon*,' when she good-naturedly observed, 'Brilliant touch Emily has; what a fine arm Maria's is'? In Mrs. Ponto's time, however, the harp was becoming old-fashioned, yielding place to the superior brilliance of pianistic performance such as that of Miss Wirt in '*Sich a gettin'* upstairs,' whereas in Lady Susan's its popularity was at its height, and no doubt it was admirable in enabling young ladies to exercise what M. de Brantôme would have called the influence '*d'un beau bras*.'

The arrival of Miss Crawford's harp at Mansfield Parsonage, and the difficulty of getting it there, were subjects which interested the Bertram family very deeply. Edmund was almost as indignant as Dr. Grant at the idea of a wagon being spared from the hay harvest for the conveyance of a harp. It is unfortunate that what Mrs. Norris said, when she heard of Miss Crawford's presumption in asking for a wagon, has not been recorded. Henry's barouche eventually had the honour of bringing the harp on which his sister was to enchant Edmund with her '*plaintive airs*,' a feat equalled by Mr. Musgrove's coach in '*Persuasion*.' Mary and Anne Elliot were listening for the carriage which was to bring the party from the Great House to dinner at the Cottage, when the youngest Miss Musgrove walked in. 'That she was coming to apologise, and that they would have to spend the evening by themselves, was the first black idea; and Mary was ready to be affronted when Louisa made all right by saying that she only came on foot to leave room for the harp, which was bringing in

the carriage.' The harp was brought, 'for it seems to amuse Mamma more than the pianoforte.' Miss Austen describes any number of parents when she tells us that though Anne played better than the Miss Musgroves, her performance was little thought of by the parents, 'whose fond partiality for their own daughter's performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her more pleasure for their sake than mortification for her own.'

'Pray, do you play the harp,' said Lady Juliana, the heroine of 'Marriage,' 'and have you a good harp here?'

'We've a very sweet spinnet,' replied Miss Jacky, 'which is, in my opinion, a far superior instrument.' Lady Juliana probably thought Miss Jacky a benighted creature for holding this opinion. But if the despised spinnet and the harp were put up for auction to-day, the price fetched by the former would delight Miss Jacky as much as it would astonish her ladyship. They were far behind the times, though, at Glenfern Castle, The Laird reckoned all foreign music, *i.e.* all that was not Scotch, as an outrage on his ears; and we know from polite Mrs. Waddell, in 'The Inheritance,' that the Laird's taste was most reprehensible. 'I hope,' said she, 'you don't think me quite so vulgar as to sing Scotch songs. I assure you they are quite exploded from the drawing-room—they are called "kitchen songs." Now the pendulum has swung round, and these old Scotch songs, honoured by the Laird, despised by Mrs. Waddell, are collected and 'edited' as fast as possible: few persons of taste are likely to prefer the music of Lanza or Portogallo to the bonnie Scotch tunes, and it may be remembered that Beethoven himself arranged many of them for Mr. Thomson, the Edinburgh publisher.

Rossville Castle was, of course, much more in the world than Glenfern, and Miss Pratt, as I have said, lived quite in what Mrs. Elton would have called the 'first circles' of provincial Scotland. She knew a family where there were five harpists, and 'such a tuning and stringing and thumping goes on that I get perfectly stupid. As Anthony Whyte says, you used to be aware of your danger when you saw a piano or a fiddle in a house, but now you have music in all shapes.' A fiddle is terrible enough, unless it is in the hands of a gifted player, but the 'shapes' in which Miss Pratt met music were more terrible still. 'Musical glasses, and musical clocks, and snuffboxes, and now there are musical workboxes. And I've commissioned a walking-cane for

my Lord from Paris (you know he can't walk the length of his toe without a stick), and it is to play three waltzes, two quadrilles, and a hornpipe, and the Grand Turk's March.' Musical glasses have ceased out of the land, except when children awaken the slumbering tones of their finger-bowls at dessert, with a wet finger. Musical boxes, alas, have not quite vanished, but has anyone seen a musical clock? The beautiful variations which Mozart wrote for one, and which Mr. Borwick plays on the piano, must be held to justify the existence of these mechanical musical toys, but we cannot be sorry that their day is over. Miss Pratt's walking-cane was to play waltzes, and thus it would be in the very first fashion, and fit for a Lord to walk with; for waltzes were the newest thing about 1814, at which time—grown-up people having to learn their dancing over again—there was formed that dancing class, at Devonshire House, to learn the waltz, which afterwards developed into the Assemblies at Almack's.

A musical box of better taste and of greater fame than any of Miss Pratt's was that which belonged to Mr. Pullet at Garum Firs. It played 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir'—a considerable improvement on waltzes and the Grand Turk's March, and it brought no little share of distinction to its owner. Lucy Deane and Maggie Tulliver 'thought that it was by reason of some exceptional talent in their uncle that the snuffbox played such pretty tunes, and indeed the thing was viewed in that light by the majority of his neighbours in Garum. Mr. Pullet had bought the box, to begin with, and knew what it was going to play beforehand, and understood winding it up.'

George Eliot has several things to say about music as it was practised in Middlemarch and its vicinity, and it is as certain that, like Miss Austen, she knew what she was talking about, as it is that Middlemarch was a real place, and that the Brookes, and Vincys, and Cadwalladers and Chettams were real people. We like Mr. Brooke all the better for not carrying his 'advanced' views into the region of musical art. 'A woman should be able to sit down and play you or sing you a good old English tune; that is what I like, though I have heard most things—been at the opera in Vienna, Gluck and Mozart, everything of that sort. But I'm a conservative in music; it's not like ideas: I stick to the good old tunes.' Neither Dorothea nor Mr. Casaubon cared about music, and George Eliot, evidently taking some such view as Mr. Austen

Leigh, forgives Dorothea on the ground of the 'small tinkling in which domestic art chiefly consisted at that dark period.' In *Middlemarch* it was the fashion to sing comic songs 'in a rhythmic way, leaving you to fancy the tune, very much as if you were tapping a drum.' No doubt the 'Humours of Bartlemy Fair' and the 'Skein of white worsted at Flint's' were in the *Middlemarch* repertoire, as well as 'So Miss Myrtle is going to marry,' and the 'Musical Wife.'

It is hardly remembered now that George Eliot's husband, G. H. Lewes, wrote novels. He loved music as well as she did, and in his 'Ranthorpe' and 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet,' his young ladies sing Paisiello and Rossini, some of them going so far as to adore Beethoven, who was not at that time so popular a favourite as in these days of Richter concerts. Indeed, one of them makes a reference to the well-known story of the Philharmonic orchestra bursting into laughter the first time they played his compositions.

Rosamond Vincy, who resented her brother Fred's playing the flute, had been taught music by a worthy church organist, and she sang Haydn's canzonets and Mozart's 'Voi che sapete;' this was very much to her credit, though the geniality of the one composer and the sweetness and sincerity of the other unfortunately left no impression at all upon her character.

Lucy Deane and Stephen Guest sang the duets from the 'Creation,' as to which most people will take leave to differ from Philip Wakem, who actually thought them 'sugary,' and preferred the tenor song from the 'Sonnambula,' thus showing himself to be a singularly undiscerning critic. No doubt Haydn and Mozart were still looked upon as the greatest of all composers by people of taste, even in Philip Wakem's day—the time of Beethoven was not yet. Thus Thackeray, though later on he allows Amelia and William Dobbin to delight greatly in the noble music of 'Fidelio,' makes Becky sing old melodies of Haydn and Mozart when she especially wished to please Lady Steyne. And an authority upon this particular period (whom I cannot resist quoting, in spite of his not being a novelist), though he admits that he did not know what a note of music was, and had received a great deal more pain than pleasure from it, and could not distinguish a soprano from a bass, puts these two first. This is the dear delightful Elia. He speaks of 'that inexhausted German ocean above which in triumphant progress, dolphin seated, ride those Arions, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach,

Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon would but plunge me again in the deeps—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end.' It is nice to think that the name of Bach came naturally to Elia's thought in those far-off days before he was 'discovered' by Mendelssohn. Lamb was not serious, surely, when he accuses himself of being so totally wanting in musical appreciation. In one of his letters to Manning, he speaks as one who could really enjoy music.

'Kate is fifteen! I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth,

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more.

Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season.' Or again, 'To' say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds would be a foul libel. "Water parted from the sea" never fails to move it strangely. So does "In Infancy." But these were sung 'by a gentlewoman who had power to thrill the soul of Elia,' and then, too, they are from the first play Lamb ever saw—'Artaxerxes' with music by Dr. Arne.

To return to the lady novelists. Miss Ferrier is very funny about music in Scotland, but it is quite likely that there was some foundation for her ridicule. If the impression she gives is not one favourable to the Scotch amateur, she is corroborated in her view by her famous relative, Christopher North. 'By study of which of the fine arts,' he asks, 'is an amateur most speedily reduced to an idiot? By music. Your true musician is a jewel, your pretender paste. But among amateurs how few true musicians, how many pretenders!' This was doubtless true of England as well as Scotland a hundred years ago. Let us hope we have improved. Not that there is not much we would wish otherwise, but we have, at any rate, got beyond the 'Battle of Prague' which the Miss Osbornes and everyone else played, and that 'Sweet thing from the Cabinet' which was one of the three songs worthy Miss Schwartz could sing.

And we no longer 'take seconds.' Perhaps the present generation does not know what 'singing second' meant. It meant adding an improvised part to the solo which was being sung, so as to turn it into a duet. Thus, when Emma Wood-

house was singing at Mrs. Cole's, 'one accompaniment to her song took her agreeably by surprise—a second, slightly but correctly taken by Frank Churchill. Her pardon was duly begged at the close of the song, and everything usual followed.' The Frank Churchill of to-day would not find it so easy to improvise seconds to songs by Fauré or Bruneau, so that it must be accounted a good thing that hostesses are not now of the mind of the Duchess of Lanark in Mrs. Norton's 'Stuart of Dunleith,' who 'did not like people to sing unless they sang contralto seconds.'

Does anyone read the fashionable novels of Mrs. Gore, I wonder? They have so much resemblance to 'Belle's Letters' and the short stories in the 'World' that I should think there might be a public for them still. Jeames de la Pluche, as we all know, in the course of his education—'in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman reelly is'—had read the 'novvle of Pelham' six times, and was to go through it '4 times mor.' A lady in Jeames's circumstances would have been desired to take a steady course of Mrs. Gore. Her great folk, with a rare exception, do not seem to have recognised other composers than Bellini and Rossini. Once a Mrs. Weatherly sang an Irish song, but it did not take, so she sang the 'lively vaudeville' 'Tu t'en repentiras, Colin,' but 'she sang it principally to give opportunity for conversation to a pair of lovers at the other end of the drawing-room.' This song was a favourite with Mrs. Gibson in 'Wives and Daughters;' Cynthia Kirkpatrick sang it. What a pity it is that Mrs. Gaskell has so little to say about music! Miss Jessie singing 'Jock o' Hazeldean' and Miss Jenkyns 'beating time to it *out of time*' is quite her best allusion to it. Mrs. Gore has a scene between a Lady Mordaunt and her newly and very well married daughter Helen, which is worthy of Miss Edgeworth. 'Oh, what a lovely harp!' cried Lady Mordaunt; 'sandalwood and steel, I declare! French, of course! I hope it is not a little extravagance, my dear; your own old favourite double-action was a most superior instrument.'

'It was a *galanterie* from Lady Danvers,' protests Helen. This is quite good, and the dragged-in French word carries us into the Fulham drawing-room of Miss Belinda Brough, when that exquisite conversation took place between Belinda and her papa and Captain Fizgig.

'And what has my dearest love been doing all day?'

'Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's

flute; didn't I, Captain Fizzig?' And Captain the Hon. Francis Fizzig replies, 'Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, *égratigné*d the guitar, and *écorché*d a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*.'

The instrument of sandalwood and steel reappears at a party given by Helen, and it is much admired by a Miss Felicia Daly. 'What an exquisite beejoo,' says Felicia, 'how tasty! Even in Bath, I can assure your la'ship, I never beheld a sweeter instrument.' It was used to play accompaniments to Rossini's '*Assisa al piè*,' and this gave opportunity to a Lady Wildersdale to explain that she was 'already satiated with the cloying sweetness of Rossini.' This view met with cordial approval, and a Lady Theodosia began at once to regret that 'her ghastly-looking harpsichord should have remained tuneless and stringless for the last twenty years,' and so be unable to accompany Lady Wildersdale in her operatic selections.

It is interesting to reflect that just as anyone might say, 'I should like to accompany that song on my "Grand,"' so the Miss Dalys of a bygone time would have said, 'I should like to accompany that song on my "Double Action."'

But the word 'accompaniment' was used formerly in a different sense from that which it bears now. The voice accompanied the instrument in Miss Edgeworth's time, instead of the instrument the voice. There was more singing without accompaniment than is usual with us, and no wonder young ladies were frequently shy about it, seeing that even when the harpsichord was to be used to support the voice they had sometimes to be 'dragged to the instrument, as the new Speaker of the House of Commons was formerly dragged to the Chair.' In that irritating but delightful story, 'Deerbrook,' Miss Martineau's characters sing a good deal without accompaniment. Mr. Grey gave what must have been a charming song, 'Dame Dumshire and her Crockery Ware,' and Mrs. Enderby, also without accompaniment, was kind enough to sing the wonderful tale of Giles Collins, 'who loved a lady, and Giles and the lady both died of true love: Giles was buried in the lower chancel, and the lady in the higher, and upon the one grave grew a milk-white rose, and from the other a briar; both of them climbed to the church tower, and there tied themselves in a true lovers' knot, which made all the parish admire.'

But perhaps the most remarkable instance of this kind of singing is that provided by Count Mirabel in 'Henrietta Temple,'

and here we leave the untitled folk of Miss Austen and Miss Martineau, to become as familiar with the wearers of strawberry leaves as were Mr. Lister or Mrs. Gore.

'Now, Count Mirabel,' said the Duchess, 'you must favour us.'

'Without a guitar!' exclaimed the Count, and he began thrumming on his arm for an accompaniment. 'Well, when I was in Spain with the Duc d'Angoulême, we sometime indulged in a serenade at Seville.' And he sang. Disraeli is fonder of the guitar than his predecessors who wrote about aristocratic amateurs. True, one of Miss Edgeworth's ladies—Lady Anne Percival—knew it, as she did the 'Banjore'—'an African instrument, of which, I understand, my dear, the negroes are particularly fond,' but Dizzy makes the most use of it.

His Captain Armine played concertos on the violoncello, an instrument which one associates rather with a blameless church dignitary, such as Trollope's Mr. Harding, than with a spendthrift Apollo in the Dragoons; but he also played the guitar. There is an eminently Disraelian dialogue between Armine and Henrietta.

'Your voice summoned me.'

'You care for music?'

'For little else!'

'You sing?'

'I hum.'

'Try this.'

'With you?'

Ferdinand then accompanies himself to a Neapolitan air: 'it was gay and festive, a ritournelle which might summon your mistress to dance in the moonlight.' He thought music by moonlight divine: 'If you could hear her sing, my dear Glastonbury, by moonlight, you would confess that all you had ever heard or imagined of enchanted spirits floating in the air, and filling the atmosphere with supernatural symphonies, was realised.' Good Mr. Woodhouse would have had a fit at the thought of a young lady singing by moonlight; he would have feared she would catch cold.

Mr. Disraeli is the last on my list of novelists who throw light upon the musical men and manners of what I have called the Miss Austen period—though, to be sure, Henrietta Temple was only a young girl when Emma and Anne Elliot must have been middle-aged matrons. My last quotation shall be a delightful passage which fixes for us the position granted in the bygone

days to professional musicians. It is Lady Bellairs—the Miss Bates of voluble Viscountessdom—talking to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. ‘Oh, you know Pasta, do you? Very well, you shall bring her to my house. She shall sing at all my parties. I love music at my evenings, but I never pay for it, never. If she will not come in the evening, I will try to ask her to dinner, once at least. I do not like singers and tumblers at dinner, but she is very fashionable, and the young men like her.’

‘Singers and tumblers’ is charming. Nowadays those who would welcome a ‘tumbler’ to their table, provided he tumbled for nothing after dinner, outnumber those who still treat professional musicians as if they belonged to the class of *saltimbanques*, and so very thin a line separates amateurs and professionals that civility is generally extended to both alike, even if the latter is privately considered but little better than a ‘tumbler.’ One of the features of present-day musical life is the resemblance between the amateur and the professional. The one courts publicity as much as the other. Nowadays in every Highbury and Upper-cross, in every Percy Hall or Falconer Court, there is music to be made by some who have ‘studied abroad,’ or been through the Royal College. But who shall say if the modern music gives more pleasure than that made by Miss Hauton or Jane Fairfax or Henrietta Temple? It is possible that Miss Jacky and her spinnet and her honest Highland tunes were better, after all, than the players on ‘overstrung grands’ and the arrangements of the ‘Ride of the Valkyries’ and ‘Parsifal’ and the ‘Symphonie Pathétique’ which are crashed forth on them!

C. W. JAMES.

A CLUB IN BEING.

'PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus'—Horace would have had no need to cry 'Fie upon luxury' had he spent much of his time in a lads' club in a remote corner of Camberwell, once known but too well to the present writer. It was held in a disused workshop which had seen, it is to be hoped, better days. In its time it had played many parts, being penultimately the scene of the efforts of candidates for the Nonconformist ministry, and ultimately an outwork of one of the Cambridge Missions in South London. At one end was a platform, at the other a stout door; a cupboard in a corner served, as occasion required, as a vestry, a dressing-room, a coffee bar, a safe to hold the gas meter; two elderly gas stoves attempted to warm the chilly atmosphere and to consume nutshells and the empty habitations of winkles; the walls kept out some of the weather; and the whole was used for Sunday-school and Divine Service on Sundays, for a mothers' meeting on Mondays, and on week-day evenings for a club.

And such a club! It was first organised by a retired military officer, whose experience of command stood him in good stead. How he formed it passes comprehension, for it is an axiom in the principles of clubs that they can only be formed of clubbable material, and that you can no more make a club of members who will not tolerate discipline, and work for the common weal, than you can make an effective snowball with dry and powdery snow. Let us refrain from wild speculation, and accept the fact that a club was formed of boys, some of whom were known outside its walls as 'the forty thieves,' and all of whom when inside were lumped together as 'the lambs.' Lambs they were, the moral descendants of Colonel Kirke's flock; but lambs they were in a different sense under the handling of Captain ——. He clearly had some secret, which will die with him; for while he was outwardly all gentleness and patience, he held that club in a grip of iron. But the time came when other engagements made it impossible for him to spend his evening hours as before, and the club was in danger of having to look after itself. Two worthy working-men nobly stepped into the breach; but, one sad night,

the gas went out as if by magic, and all was wild confusion; bagatelle balls hurtled through the startled air, things got 'tore up,' and when the lights reappeared two exasperated working-men stood side by side upon the platform brandishing billiard cues and prepared to brain the first assailant.

The new curate tried his hand. He was a good man, and beloved of the people; but South London sapped his strength as it saps the strength of all but the physically strongest, and one night with the lambs was enough. The Chief took him there, introduced him, and left him for a while to make his way. 'We asked 'im, "Can you box?" "No," 'e said, "but I can play draughts." Then we tore up 'is 'at, an' we tore up 'is umbrella, and then we tore 'im up,'—thus was the course of events described in later days by an eye-witness. Somebody got under the bagatelle table and it rose mysteriously from the ground—and when the Chief returned the new curate was on the floor, the bagatelle table upon him, and a crew of lambs upon the bagatelle table. Shortly afterwards the club was closed for a season.

Curates come and go. The hero of that evening broke down completely and went away. God rest his soul; he died not long ago, and some of us will always think that South London sealed his death-warrant, as South London has sealed the death-warrant of many a man who started with high hopes of bringing sweetness and light within its dreary borders. Another curate took his place, a large and bony curate, with a heavy hand and a habit of carrying a light cane in the gloaming.

Now the ways of boys are strange; some of the boys of the district had stuck to Sunday-school, in spite of frequent expulsions, till their advanced years (some sixteen or seventeen summers) made it necessary that they should be enrolled in a separate Bible-class. The second new curate was promptly put in charge of that Bible-class. Five minutes after its opening, on his first Sunday afternoon in the parish, he politely held the door open while its members filed out. When things had shaken down a little, and teacher and taught had learned to know one another's ways, the bright idea of a club for the Bible-class and its friends dawned upon the second new curate, and as the days were now shortening rapidly, and cricket was already hibernating, a club was soon established where a club had once been. For a while all was peaceable. Draughts and dominoes reigned supreme while the key of the gas meter reposed securely in the chairman's pocket

(the nut was too stiff to be turned comfortably by the human finger). Then, in spite of warnings, the chairman introduced boxing. In a week the membership leaped from twenty to eighty, and the club became a thing of power. Boxing went on most of the evening, with draughts, dominoes, and 'coddam' in the corners, varied with the fragrance of fried fish and the rousing choruses of popular songs.

What would, perhaps, have struck the casual observer most forcibly was the strange humour displayed in nicknames.

There was 'Didi,' one of the Bible-class, and an excellent fellow, who derived his name from the fits which afflicted him in his childhood, and nearly brought him to an untimely end; he ought never to have survived, so said public opinion, and hence his cognomen. There were two 'Chicks,' one so called for reasons unknown, the other because of his fondness for pigeons. It was Chick who once discoursed upon the perfect gentleman. 'It ain't the top 'at that makes the gentleman,' he said, 'it's the man that 'as a gentle 'eart.' (Well said, Chick! your tongue was not always as gentle as it might have been, and your fist when clothed with a padded glove was lively in the extreme; but at least you had keen insight, and a heart tender exceedingly towards dumb animals. Under happier conditions you might have been a famous naturalist.) There was 'Pickle,' rejoicing in his title because a cousin of his had a rash upon his skin, supposed to resemble in colour the juice of pickled cabbage. There was 'Deuce'—there was indeed. Why he was so called is 'wrop in mistry;' some, however, attributed it to his fondness for cards. He was Irish—as Irish as could be; short, light in weight, terribly strong, and as brave as a lion. He had black hair, and a bold black eye, which gleamed with fun and mischief, and he loved a fight for its own sake, as only an Irishman can. He spent his days labouring in a timber-yard (the weights he could support were astonishing), working hard, and never grumbling, to support an invalid widowed mother. By night he tormented the authorities, or boxed, or lived his life to the uttermost, but always cleanly if riotously. Deuce was once sent to prison by mistake. Another boy, who lived in the same street and bore the same Christian name and surname, did something which brought him within the clutches of the law. Unhappily, the police were satisfied with name and abode as furnishing sufficient identification, so Deuce the innocent suffered for his guilty namesake.

We have his own authority for the history, and that should be enough. Few would care to question his veracity. When he came out he repaid the other all he owed him; again we rely upon his own testimony, and in this case, at least, it may be accepted as unimpeachable, for Deuce always paid such debts.

Revenons à nos moutons—let us come back to the lambs. Their club had sprung to life and size, and its reputation spread rapidly abroad. A few nights after its development a crowd assembled; the old members had heard the magic word 'boxing,' and, led by one common irresistible impulse, they had returned. Confusion reigned. Some were playing bagatelle in wild fashion, others were pocketing the ivory balls, most were massed round the ring where two experts were donning the gloves. There was no need for the chairman to grasp the situation, the situation grasped him; clearly either the intruders must go, or a catastrophe occur. Striding into the ring he insisted on the gloves being immediately removed, and the prompt retirement of the uninvited guests. Truly he insisted, but insistence was vain. The guests declined to go. It seemed inevitable that the chairman should take off his coat and fight the biggest man present—a fight to which there could have been but one conclusion: the amateur boxer is a helpless babe in the hands of the professional—when a champion arose in an unexpected quarter. Deuce, wiry little black-haired, black-eyed Deuce, was in the centre of the cyclone, eyeing the biggest rough up and down, edging him continually towards the door. Whether it was compassion for the bewildered chairman, whether it was the desire for a comfortable club, whether it was the love of a row for its own sake, whether it was a complex mixture of motives, none can tell; two things only are certain, that, in five minutes, the room was cleared of every intruder, and that the club was safe from invasion from that night onward. It was the finest bit of 'chucking out' that mortal eyes have ever witnessed, completed without a blow being struck. From that time Deuce and the chairman were firm friends, nor did either of them ever regret the friendship, or ever presume upon it.

Thus the club found itself and settled down to happiness. On week-night evenings it was a haven of refuge from the inhospitable winter streets; on Sundays some of the members assembled to eat nuts round the gas-stove, and described themselves as a Bible-class. From time to time the chairman spent his morning at Greenwich Police Court, pleading for leniency to the lads with

a kind-hearted magistrate. As the weeks passed by everything went well ; ladies could be taken safely to the club, and even left there alone (while the authorities were busy elsewhere) without fear of a disrespectful word. On off-nights some of the members would come and spend the evening at the chairman's house, spinning yarns concerning their pranks and misdemeanours that left the audience helpless with laughter, never transgressing the laws of politeness by a hair-breadth. The deputy-organist from the Mission Church came to help, and played accompaniments to the wild choruses ; it was even proposed to form a mouth-organ band. If ever there was any insubordination, such as occasionally arises in the best of clubs, the remedy was short and sharp. The chairman stood by the door, watch in hand ; half a minute was allowed for the club to empty, and every second beyond the allotted time meant that the club was closed for one succeeding night.

How to tell the end ? For eighteen months all went well, and the second spring-time was advancing. Was it that the spring got into their blood ? Was it that the warm evenings robbed of its sting the threat to close the club ? Was it simply that they were growing to the awkward age when they were neither boys nor men—neither amenable to discipline from without nor governed by a man's self-restraint from within ? They grew steadily more unruly. Boxing had lost its charm, they did not care for quiet games, they would listen no longer to the voice of the chairman, who found it increasingly necessary to carry the key of the gas meter in his pocket lest the light should fail. The end was not far off. The club had to be closed for a week, then they returned and spent a rowdy night. The following night the crash came. Deuce was away, and the chairman stood armed with a backless chair, determined that one head at least should be cracked before he was floored if an ugly rush should be made. Close by stood a porter from Billingsgate, slow-witted but iron-fisted, one who never really enjoyed a round in the ring till blood was streaming down his face, when he would smile and wake up. Bill, after hesitation, flung his weight into the scale of law and order. The critical moment passed, the tension relaxed, a surging crowd, in which chairman, champion, and club were inextricably mixed, sought the door in darkness ; the door slammed, and the career of the club was ended.

Thus ends a true tale, uncoloured and unexaggerated, save in so far as things loom large seen through the mists of time. Those

were happy nights spent at the club with the lambs ; and though the end was, perhaps, inevitable from the beginning, yet, since it could not be foreseen, no dread of the future darkened the then glorious present. It is with deep regret that the confession of failure is made. Yet it was worth while, and the man who failed would be the last to regret one moment of the hours, or to think one moment wasted. For himself he learned there what he could never have learned elsewhere. And they—? Perhaps, when the heat of youth has cooled into the glow of strong manhood they may find that they learned more of chivalry and self-restraint than they realised at the time. The harm in them was easy to see: some were thieves; some were growing, even then, into drunkards; some of them were ne'er-do-weels; some will lie at last in the graves of lust. But God knows deeply, and one man knew slightly, and in part, the deep underlying good in many of them, whereof the splendid courage and great heart of Deuce were but an instance.

They are too good to be left neglected, and what is noxious in them and in their kind is there because they have been so neglected in the past. It is not the 'cat' that will reform them, it is the friendship of men who, with the love of God in their hearts, will teach them a better way of living, and a larger view of life.

H. G. D. LATHAM.

THE TALE OF THE GREAT MUTINY.¹

BY THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT,

AUTHOR OF 'DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE.'

XI. DELHI: THE LEAP ON THE CITY.

ON September 13 four engineer officers—Medley and Lang, Greathed and Home—undertook the perilous task of examining the breaches in the enemy's defences. Medley and Lang were detailed to examine the Cashmere bastion, and Lang asked to be allowed to go while it was yet daylight. Leave was granted; and, with an escort of four men of the 60th, he crept to the edge of the cover on the British front, then coolly ran up the glacis and sat down upon the top of the counterscarp, under a heavy fire, studying the ditch and the two breaches beyond, and returned unhurt, to pronounce the breach practicable! It was necessary, however, to ascertain the depth of the ditch, and Lang and Medley were sent again, after nightfall, on this business.

Medley himself may tell the story of the daring adventure:

It was a bright, starlight night, with no moon, and the roar of the batteries, and clear, abrupt reports of the shells from the mortars, alone broke the stillness of the scene; while the flashes of the rockets, carcasses, and fire-balls lighting up the air ever and anon made a really beautiful spectacle. The ghurees struck ten, and, as preconcerted, the fire of the batteries suddenly ceased. Our party was in readiness. We drew swords, felt that our revolvers were ready to hand, and, leaving the shelter of the picquet, such as it was, advanced stealthily into the enemy's country. . . . With the six men who were to accompany us, Lang and I emerged into the open, and pushed straight for the breach. In five minutes we found ourselves on the edge of the ditch, the dark mass of the Cashmere bastion immediately on the other side, and the breach distinctly discernible. Not a soul was in sight. The counterscarp was sixteen feet deep, and steep. Lang slid down first, I passed down the ladder, and, taking two men out of the six, descended after him, leaving the other four on the cope to cover our retreat.

Two minutes more and we should have been at the top of the breach. But, quiet as we had been, the enemy were on the watch, and we heard several men running from the left towards the breach. We therefore reascended, though with some difficulty, and, throwing ourselves down on the grass, waited in silence for what was to happen. A number of figures immediately appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not, apparently, see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping that they

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would go away, when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope being easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. After waiting, therefore, some minutes longer, I gave the signal. The whole of us jumped up at once and ran back towards our own ground. Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us. The balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched.

The other engineers performed their task with equal coolness and daring, and at midnight all the breaches were reported practicable, and it was resolved that the assault should be made in the morning.

Nicholson, at the head of a column of 1,000 men—of whom 300 belonged to the 75th—was to carry the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. The second column, under Brigadier Jones, composed of the 8th, the 2nd Bengal Fusileers, and the 4th Sikhs—850 in all—was to assail the gap near the Water Bastion. The third column, 950 strong, under Campbell, of the 52nd, was to blow in the Cashmere Gate and fight its way into the city. The fourth column, under Major Reid, made up of the Guides' Infantry, Ghoorkas, and men from the picquets, was to break in an entrance by the Lahore Gate. A reserve column, 1,000 strong, under Brigadier Longfield, of the 8th, was to feed the attack at any point where help was required. Five thousand men were thus to fling themselves on a great city held by 50,000!

It was three o'clock in the morning, the stars still burning in the measureless depths of the Indian sky, when the columns stood in grim silence ready for the assault. The chaplain of the forces records that in not a few of the tents the service for the day was read before the men went out into the darkness to join the columns. The lesson for the day, as it happened, was Nahum iii., and the opening verse runs, 'Woe to the bloody city! It is full of lies and robbery. . . . Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts.' How do men feel who gather at such an hour and for such a deed? Lord Roberts quotes from a brother officer's diary a curious little picture of British soldiers preparing themselves for one of the most daring exploits in the history of war:

We each of us looked carefully to the reloading of our pistols, filling of flasks and getting as good protection as possible for our heads, which would be exposed so much going up the ladders. I wound two puggaries or turbans round my old forage cap, with the last letter from the hills in the top, and committed myself to the care of Providence. There was not much sleep that night in our camp. I dropped off now and then, but never for long, and whenever I woke I could see that there was a light in more than one of the officers' tents, and talking was

going on in a low tone amongst the men, the snapping of a lock or the springing of a ramrod sounding far in the still air, telling of preparation for the coming strife. A little after midnight we fell in as quickly as possible, and by the light of a lantern the orders for the assault were then read to the men. Any officer or man who might be wounded was to be left where he fell; no one was to step from the ranks to help him, as there were no men to spare. If the assault were successful he would be taken away in the doolies, or litters, and carried to the rear, or wherever he could best receive medical assistance. If we failed, wounded and sound should be prepared to bear the worst. No prisoners were to be made, as we had no one to guard them, and care was to be taken that no women or children were injured. To this the men answered at once by 'No fear, sir.' The officers now pledged their honour, on their swords, to abide by these orders, and the men then promised to follow their example.

At this moment, just as the regiment was about to march off, Father Bertrand came up in his vestments, and, addressing the Colonel, begged for permission to bless the regiment, saying, 'We may differ, some of us, in matters of religion, but the blessing of an old man and a clergyman can do nothing but good.' The colonel at once assented, and Father Bertrand, lifting his hands to heaven, blessed the regiment in a most impressive manner, offering up at the same time a prayer for our success, and for mercy on the souls of those soon to die.

The dash on the city was to have taken place at three o'clock in the morning, but it was difficult to collect all the men from the picquets who were to take part in the assault, and day was breaking before the columns were complete. The engineers, closely examining the breaches, found that during the night the Sepoys had blocked up the gaps with sandbags and had improvised a *chevaux de frise*. The attack was accordingly held back for a few minutes while the British batteries reopened for the purpose of smashing the new defences.

The sun was clear of the horizon when, at a signal, the batteries ceased. A sudden silence fell on the slope of the Ridge and on the enemy's wall. A thrill ran through the waiting columns, as each man, like a hound on the leash, braced himself up for the desperate rush. Nicholson had been standing, silent and alone, in front of his column; and now with a gesture of his hand he gave the signal. A shout, sudden, and stern, and fierce, broke through the air. It came from the 60th Rifles, who with a vehement cheer ran out to the front in skirmishing order, and in a moment the four columns were in swift and orderly movement. Then the enemy's guns from every point broke into flame!

It is impossible to compress into a few paragraphs of cold type the story of that great assault; the fire and passion of the charge, the stubborn fury of the defence, the long mad struggle through the streets. And the fact that four desperate combats at as many separate points broke out at once makes it still more difficult to give any single connected picture of the scene.

Nicholson led column No. 1 steadily forward till it reached the edge of the jungle. Then the engineers and storming party went forward at a run. They reached the crest of the glacis, and stood there under a perfect blaze of musketry. The stormers had outrun the ladder parties! The ditch gaped sixteen feet wide below them. The breach in front was crowded with dark figures, shouting, firing, hurling stones, all in a tempest of Eastern fury. The ladders were quickly up, and were dropped into the ditch. The men leaped down, and almost with the same impulse swept up the further side—Nicholson's tall figure leading—and men and officers, contending madly with each other who should be first, raced up the broken slope of the breach, dashed the Sepoys back in confused flight, and gained the city!

The second column was as gallantly led as the first, and met with an almost fiercer resistance. At the signal its storming party ran out from the shelter of the Customs house. The two engineer officers, Greathed and Ovenden, and twenty-nine men out of the thirty-nine who formed the ladder parties were instantly shot down; but the attack never paused for an instant. The men of the 8th, the Sikhs, and the Fusileers came on with a silent speed and fury that nothing could stop. The ditch was crossed as with a single effort. One officer—little more than a lad—Ensign Phillips, with soldierly quickness, and with the help of a few riflemen, swung round the guns on the Water Bastion, and opened fire with them on the Sepoys themselves.

The assault of the third column, directed at the Cashmere Gate, is, perhaps, the most picturesque and well-known incident in the wild story of that morning. This column did not find a breach; one had to be made! Campbell brought up his column within sight of the Cashmere Gate, but under cover; then, at the signal, a little cluster of soldiers ran out towards the gate. Its first section consisted of Home, of the Engineers, with two sergeants and ten sappers, each man carrying a bag containing twenty-five pounds of gunpowder. Behind them ran a firing party of the 52nd, under Salkeld. The sight of that little daring handful of men, charging straight for the gate, so amazed the Sepoys that for a few moments they stared at them without firing. Then, from the wall on either side of the gate, from above the gate itself, and from an open wicket in its broad expanse, broke a sustained and angry blaze of musketry!

To run steadily on in the teeth of such a fire was a feat of amazing courage. But, Home leading, the little cluster of heroes

never faltered. The bridge in front of the gate had been almost completely destroyed, a single beam being stretched across the ditch; and, in single file, each man carrying his bag of powder, Home's party—by this time reduced to nearly one-half of its number—crossed, flung down the bags of powder at the foot of the gate, and then leaped into the ditch for cover, leaving the firing party behind to make the explosion.

Salkeld came up at a run, carrying the port-fire in his hand, his men, with bent heads, racing beside him. Salkeld fell, shot through the leg and arm; but, like the runner in Greek games, he handed the port-fire as he fell to Corporal Burgess, who in turn, as he bent over the powder, was shot dead. Lord Roberts says that in falling he yet ignited the powder. Malleeson, on the other hand, says that Sergeant Carmichael snatched the port-fire from the dying hand of Burgess, lit the fuse, and then, in his turn, fell mortally wounded. On this another brave fellow named Smith, thinking Carmichael had failed, ran forward to seize the port-fire, but saw the fuse burning, and leaped into the ditch, just in time to escape the explosion.

In a moment there was a blast as of thunder, and—not the gate unfortunately, but merely the little wicket in it, had vanished! The bugler from the ditch sounded the advance; but such was the tumult of battle now raging that the storming parties of the 52nd, waiting eagerly to make their rush, heard neither the explosion nor the bugle-call. Campbell, their colonel, however, had seen the flame of the explosion, and gave the word. The storming party and the supports, all intermixed, ran forward at the double; they crossed, man after man, the single beam remaining of the bridge, and crept through the wicket. They found within the gate an overturned cannon, and some blackened Sepoy corpses. The main body followed, and from the two breaches and the Cashmere Gate the three columns met, breathless, confused, but triumphant, in the open space between the Cashmere Gate and the church.

The fourth column alone of the assaulting parties practically failed. A battle is always rich in blunders; and the guns, which were to have accompanied the column, somehow failed to arrive, and Reid, its commander, pushed on without them. He had to face an unbroken wall 18 feet high, lined with guns and marksmen. Reid himself fell, wounded and insensible, and there was some confusion as to who should take his place as leader. It was expected that the Lahore Gate would have been opened from

within by the advance of the first column, but before the Lahore Gate was reached from within the city by the British, the fourth column found itself unable to sustain the murderous fire from the walls, and fell back into cover.

The Sepoys, in their exultation, actually ventured upon a sally, and Hope Grant had to bring up the scanty cavalry of the camp to check the advance of the enemy.

The cavalry could not charge, for this would bring them under the fire of the walls; they would not withdraw, for this would uncover the camp. They could only sit grimly in their saddles, and hold back the enemy by the menace of their presence, while men and horses went down unceasingly under the sleet of fire which broke over them. 'For more than two hours,' says Hodson, 'we had to sit on our horses, under the heaviest fire, without the chance of doing anything. My young regiment behaved admirably, as did all hands. The slaughter was great. Lamb's troop lost 27 men out of 48, and 19 horses, and the whole cavalry suffered in the same proportion.'

Hope Grant tells how he praised the 9th Lancers for their cool steadiness, and the men answered from the ranks that they were ready to stand as long as he chose. 'Hodson,' says one officer who was present, 'sat like a man carved in stone, apparently as unconcerned as the sentries at the Horse Guards, and only by his eyes and his ready hand, whenever occasion offered, could you have told that he was in deadly peril, and the balls flying among us as thick as hail!'

Delhi in shape roughly resembles an egg, and, in the assault we have described, the British had cracked, so to speak, the small end. Inside the Cashmere Gate was a comparatively clear space, a church, a Hindoo temple, and a mosque being scattered along its southern boundary. These owed their existence to the somewhat mixed piety of James Skinner, a gallant soldier, who played a brilliant part in Clive's wars. His mother was a Hindoo lady, his wife was a Mohammedan; and, being severely wounded in some engagement, Skinner vowed, if he recovered, he would build three places of worship—a church, a temple, and a mosque! And the three buildings which stand opposite the Cashmere Gate are the fruits of that very composite act of piety. The three assaulting columns, in broken order and sadly reduced in numbers, but in resolute fighting mood, were re-formed in the open space in front of these buildings.

The third column, under Colonel Campbell, cleared the build-

ings on its left front, and then pushed forward on its perilous way straight through the centre of the city towards the Jumma Musjid, a huge mosque that lifted its great roof high above the streets and gardens of the city more than two miles distant. The first and second columns, now practically forming one, swung to the right, and, following the curve of the 'egg' to which we compared Delhi, proceeded to clear what was called the Rampart Road, a narrow lane running immediately within the wall round the whole city. It was intended to push along this lane till the Lahore Gate was reached and seized. The Lahore Gate is the principal entrance into the city; the main street—the Chandin Chouk, the Silver Bazaar—runs from it to the King's Palace, bisecting the 'egg' which forms the city. If this gate were carried, Delhi was practically in the British possession.

The column, led by Jones, pushed eagerly on. The Moree Gate and the Cabul Gate were seized, the guns on the ramparts were captured, and the leading files of the advance came in sight of the Lahore Gate. A lane, a little more than two hundred and fifty yards long, led to it; but that narrow crooked path was 'a valley of death' more cruel and bloody than that down which Cardigan's Light Cavalry rode in the famous charge at Balaclava. The city wall itself formed the boundary of the lane on the right; the left was formed by a mass of houses, with flat roofs and parapets, crowded with riflemen. The lane was scarcely ten yards wide at its broadest part; in places it was narrowed to three feet by the projecting buttresses of the wall.

About a hundred and fifty yards up the lane was planted a brass gun, sheltered by a bullet-proof screen. At the further extremity of the lane, where the ground rose, was a second gun, placed so as to cover the first, and itself covered by a bullet-proof screen. Then, like a massive wall, crossing the head of the lane, rose the great Burn Bastion, heavily armed, and capable of holding a thousand men. A force of some 8,000 men, too, had just poured into the city through the Lahore and Ajmeer Gates, returning from the sally they had made on Reid's column; and these swarmed round the side and head of the lane to hold it against the British.

Never, perhaps, did soldiers undertake a more desperate feat than that of fighting a way through this 'gate of hell,' held by Sepoys, it will be noted, full of triumph, owing to their repulse of the attack of the fourth column under Reid. But never was a desperate deed more gallantly attempted.

The attacking party was formed of the 1st Bengal Fusileers and, their officers leading, the men ran with a dash at the lane. They were scourged with fire from the roofs to the left; the guns in their front swept the lane with grape. But the men never faltered. They took the first gun with a rush, and raced on for the second. But the lane narrowed, and the 'jamb' checked the speed of the men. The fire of the enemy, concentrated on a front so narrow, was murderous. Stones and round shot thrown by hand from the roofs and parapets of the houses were added to musketry bullets and grape, and the stormers fell back, panting and bleeding, but still full of the wrath of battle, and leaving the body of many a slain comrade scattered along the lane.

Two or three men refused to turn back, and actually reached the screen through which the further gun was fired. One of these was Lieutenant Butler, of the 1st Bengal Fusileers. As he came at the run through the white smoke he struck the screen heavily with his body; at that moment two Sepoys on the inner side thrust through the screen with their bayonets. The shining deadly points of steel passed on either side of Butler's body, and he was pinned between them as between the suddenly appearing prongs of a fork! Butler, twisting his head, saw through a loop-hole the faces of the two Sepoys who held the bayonets, and who were still vehemently pushing, under the belief that they held their enemy impaled. With his revolver he coolly shot them both, and then fell back, pelted with bullets, but, somehow, unhurt, to his comrades, who were re-forming for a second charge at the head of the lane.

On came the Fusileers again, a cluster of officers leading, well in advance of their men. Major Jacob, who commanded the regiment, raced in that heroic group. Speke was there, the brother of the African explorer; Greville, Wemyss, and the gallant Butler once again. The first gun in the lane was captured once more, and Greville, a cool and skilful soldier, promptly spiked it. But the interval betwixt the first gun and the second had to be crossed. It was only a hundred yards, but on every foot of it a ceaseless and fiery hail of shot was beating. The officers, as they led, went down one by one. Jacob, one of the most gallant soldiers of the whole siege, fell, mortally wounded. Jacob's note as a soldier was a strangely gentle but heroic coolness. The flame of battle left him at the temperature of an icicle; its thunder did not quicken his pulse by a single beat, and his soldiers had an absolute and exultant confidence in the quick

sight, the swift action, the unfaltering composure of their gallant commander. Some of his men halted to pick him up when he fell, but he called to them to leave him, and press forward. Six other officers, one after another, were struck down; the rush slackened, it paused, the men ebbed sullenly back; the second attack had failed!

Nicholson, as the officer in general command of the assaulting columns, might well have remained at the Cashmere Gate, controlling the movements of the columns; but his eager, vehement spirit carried him always to the fighting front. He first accompanied Campbell's column on its perilous march, but then rejoined his own proper column just as it came in sight of the Lahore Gate. The officers immediately about him—men themselves of the highest daring—advised that, as the attack of the fourth column had failed, it would be wise strategy to hold strongly the portion of the city they had carried and reorganise another general assault. They had done enough for the day. Their men had lost heavily, and were exhausted. They were in ignorance of the fortunes of the other columns.

But Nicholson's fiery spirit was impatient of half measures or of delays. He was eager, moreover, to check the dangerous elation caused amongst the Sepoys by their repulse of the fourth column. So he resolutely launched a new assault on the Lahore Gate. How gallantly the officers led in an attack which yet their judgment condemned has been told.

Nicholson watched the twice-repeated rush of the Fusileers, and the fall, one by one, of the officers who led them. When the men for a second time fell back, Nicholson himself sprang into the lane, and, waving his sword, called on his men, with the deep, vibrating voice all knew, to follow their general. But even while he spoke, his sword pointing up the lane, his face, full of the passion of battle, turned towards the broken, staggering front of his men, a Sepoy leaned from the window of a house close by, pointed his musket across a distance of little more than three yards at Nicholson's tall and stately figure, and shot him through the body. Nicholson fell. The wound was mortal; but, raising himself up on his elbow, he still called on the men to 'go on.' He rejected impatiently the eager help that was offered to him, and declared he would lie there till the lane was carried. But, as Kaye puts it, he was asking dying what he had asked living—that which was all but impossible.

Colonel Graydon tells the story of how he stooped over the

fallen Nicholson, and begged to be allowed to convey him to a place of safety; but Nicholson declared 'he would allow no man to remove him, but would die there.' It was, in fact, a characteristic flash of chivalry that made Nicholson at last consent to be removed. He would allow no one to touch him, says Trotter, 'except Captain Hay, of the 60th Native Infantry, with whom he was not upon friendly terms. "I will make up my difference with you, Hay," he gasped out. "I will let you take me back."' "

The lane was strewn with the British dead. To carry it without artillery was hopeless. There were no better soldiers on the Ridge than the 1st Bengal Fusileers—'the dear old dirty-shirts' of Lord Lake. When they, on the morning of that day, broke through the embrasures of the Cashmere battery, one of their officers has left on record the statement that 'the Sepoys fled as they saw the white faces of the Fusileers looking sternly at them.' They fled, that is, not from thrust of steel and flash of musket, but before the mere menace of those threatening, war-hardened countenances! The 1st, as a matter of fact, had their muskets slung behind, to enable them to use their hands in climbing the breach, and so, when they came up the crest of the breach and through the embrasures, the men had no muskets in their hands. The threat written on their faces literally put the Sepoys to flight. Where such men as these had failed, what troops could succeed?

The column fell slowly and sullenly back to the Cabul Gate, the wounded being sent to the rear. Lord Roberts tells how, being sent by Wilson to ascertain how affairs were going on in the city, he observed as he rode through the Cashmere Gate a doolie by the side of the road without bearers, and with evidently a wounded man inside. He says:

I dismounted to see if I could be of any use to the occupant, when I found, to my grief and consternation, that it was John Nicholson, with death written on his face. He told me that the bearers had put the doolie down and had gone off to plunder; that he was in great pain, and wished to be taken to the hospital. He was lying on his back, no wound was visible, and but for the pallor of his face, always colourless, there was no sign of the agony he must have been enduring. On my expressing a hope that he was not seriously wounded, he said, 'I am dying; there is no chance for me.' The sight of that great man lying helpless and on the point of death was almost more than I could bear. Other men had daily died around me, friends and comrades had been killed beside me, but I never felt as I felt then—to lose Nicholson seemed to me at that moment to lose everything.

Nicholson's fall, it is striking to note, impressed everyone in that tiny and heroic army at Delhi exactly as it impressed Roberts.

He lingered through all the succeeding days of slow, stubborn, resolute fighting which won Delhi; but day by day the news about Nicholson's fluctuating life was almost more important than the tidings that this position or that had been carried. Nicholson was a man with Clive's genius for battle and mastery over men, while in the qualities of chivalry and honour he deserved to be classed with Outram or Havelock. He was only thirty-seven when he died; what fame he might have won, had he lived, no man can tell. He was certainly one of the greatest soldiers the English-speaking race has produced.

Many monuments have been erected to Nicholson; one over his actual grave, another—with an unfortunately elaborate inscription—in the parish church at Lisburn. But the fittest and most impressive monument is a plain obelisk erected on the crest of the Margalla Pass, the scene, in 1848, of one of his most daring exploits. There in the wild border pass stands the great stone pillar, and round it still gathers many a native tradition of the daring and might of the great sahib. Sir Donald Macnab says that when the worshippers of 'Nikalsain' in Hazara heard of his death, 'they came together to lament, and one of them stood forth and said there was no gain from living in a world that no longer held Nikalsain. So he cut his throat deliberately and died.' The others, however, reflected that this was not the way to serve their great guru; they must learn to worship 'Nikalsain's God;' and the entire sect actually accepted Christianity on the evidence of Nicholson's personality!

Campbell's column, meanwhile, had fought its way across two-thirds of the city, and come in sight of the massive arched gateway of the Jumma Musjid. But the engineers that accompanied the column had fallen; Campbell had no artillery to batter down the great gate of the mosque, and no bags of powder with which to blow it up. He was, however, a stubborn Scottish veteran, and he clung to his position in front of the mosque till he learnt of the failure to carry the Lahore Gate. Then, judging with soldierly coolness that it would be impossible to hold unsupported the enormously advanced position he had won, he fell back in leisurely fashion till he came into touch with the reserve column at the Cashmere Gate.

The British columns had been fighting for over six hours, and had lost 66 officers and 1,104 men, or very nearly every fourth man in the assaulting force. Amongst the fallen, too, were many

of the most daring spirits in the whole force, the men who were the natural leaders in every desperate enterprise. Less than 4,000 of the brave men who followed Nicholson and Jones and Campbell across the breaches or through the Cashmere Gate that morning remained unwounded, and there were 40,000 Sepoys yet in Delhi! Of the great 'egg,' too, which formed the city, the British held only the tiny northern extremity.

Under these conditions Wilson's nerve once more failed him. He doubted whether he ought to persist in the assault. Was it not safer to fall back on the Ridge? Repeatedly, in fact, through the days of stubborn fighting which followed, Wilson meditated the fatal policy of retreat. He was worn out in mind and body. His nerve had failed at Meerut when the Mutiny first broke out; it threatened to fail again here at Delhi, in the very crisis of the assault. To walk a few steps exhausted him. And it was fortunate for the honour of England and the fate of India that Wilson had round him at that crisis men of sterner fibre than his own. Someone told Nicholson, as he lay on his death-bed, of Wilson's hesitations. 'Thank God,' whispered Nicholson, 'I have strength yet to shoot him if necessary!'

Wilberforce, in his 'Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny,' gives a somewhat absurd, and not too credible, account of the incident which, according to him, kept Wilson's nerve steady at that crisis. The 52nd, after so many hours of fighting, had fallen back on the reserve at the Cashmere Gate, and Wilberforce, who belonged to that regiment, was occupied with a brother officer in compounding a 'long' glass of brandy and soda to quench his thirst. His companion poured in so generous an allowance of brandy that he was afraid to drink it. He says:

Not liking to waste it, we looked round us, and saw a group of officers on the steps of the church, apparently engaged in an animated conversation. Among them was an old man, who looked as if a good 'peg' (the common term for a brandy and soda) would do him good. Drawing, therefore, nearer the group, in order to offer the 'peg' to the old officer, we heard our colonel say, 'All I can say is that I won't retire, but will hold the walls with my regiment.' I then offered our 'peg' to the old officer, whom we afterwards knew to be General Wilson. He accepted it, drank it off, and a few minutes after we heard him say, 'You are quite right—to retire would be to court disaster; we will stay where we are!'

'On such little matters,' Wilberforce gravely reflects, 'great events often depend!' The course of British history in India, in a word, was decisively affected by that accidental glass of brandy

and soda he offered to General Wilson! It tightened his shaken nerves to the key of resolution! Wilberforce's book belongs rather to the realm of fiction than of grave history, and his history-making glass of brandy and soda may be dismissed as a flight of fancy. It was the cool judgment and the unfaltering daring of men like Baird Smith and Neville Chamberlain, and other gallant spirits immediately around Wilson, which saved him from the tragedy of a retreat. When Wilson asked Baird Smith whether it was possible to hold the ground they had won, the curt, decisive answer of that fine soldier was, 'We *must* hold it!' And that white flame of heroic purpose burnt just as intensely in the whole circle of Wilson's advisers.

The British troops held their position undisturbed on the night of the 14th. The 15th was spent in restoring order and preparing for a new assault. There is a curious conflict of testimony as to whether or not the troops had got out of hand owing to mere drunkenness. It is certain that enormous stores of beer, spirits, and wine were found in that portion of the city held by the British. Lord Roberts says, 'I did not see a single drunken man throughout the day of assault, and I visited every position held by our troops within the walls of the city.' This bit of evidence seems final. Yet it would be easy to quote a dozen witnesses to prove that there was drunkenness to a perilous extent amongst the troops, and it is certain that Wilson found it expedient to give orders for the destruction of the whole of the vast stores of beer and spirits which had fallen into his hands.

A new plan of attack was devised by the engineers. Batteries were armed with guns captured from the enemy, and a destructive fire maintained on the chief positions yet held in the city. The attacks, too, were now directed, not along the narrow streets and winding lanes of the city, but through the houses themselves. Thus wall after wall was broken through, house after house captured, the Sepoys holding them were bayoneted, and so a stern and bloody path was driven to the Lahore Gate.

On the 16th the famous magazine which Willoughby had blown up, when Delhi fell into the hands of the rebels early in May, was captured, and it was found that Willoughby's heroic act had been only partially successful. The magazine, that is, was less than half destroyed, and the British found in it no fewer than 171 guns, mostly of large calibre, with enormous stores of ammunition. The Sepoys read their doom in the constant flight

of shells from the British batteries on to the city. They read it, in almost plainer characters, in the stubborn daring with which the path was being blasted through the mass of crowded houses towards the Lahore Gate. And from the southern extremity of the city there commenced a great human leakage, a perpetual dribble of deserting Sepoys and flying budmashes.

Lord Roberts served personally with the force driving its resolute way across houses, courtyards, and lanes, towards the Lahore Gate, and he tells, graphically, the story of its exploits. On September 19, the men had broken their way through to the rear of the Burn Bastion. Only the width of the lane separated them from the bastion itself. The little party, 100 strong—only one-half of them British—gathered round the door that opened on the lane, the engineer officer burst it open, and Gordon, of the 75th Foot, leading, the handful of gallant men dashed across the lane, leaped upon the ramp, raced up it, and jumped into the bastion. They bayoneted or shot its guards, and captured the bastion without losing a man!

The next day, with great daring, Roberts and Lang of the Engineers, following a native guide, crept through the tangle of courtyards and lanes, till they reached the upper room of a house within fifty yards of the Lahore Gate. 'From the window of this room,' says Roberts, 'we could see beneath us the Sepoys lounging about, engaged in cleaning their muskets and other occupations; while some, in a lazy sort of fashion, were acting as sentries over the gateway and two guns, one of which pointed in the direction of the Sabzi Mandi, the other down the lane behind the ramparts, leading to the Burn Bastion and Cabul Gate. I could see from the number on their caps that these Sepoys belonged to the 5th Native Infantry.' The troops were brought up silently by the same route, and leaped suddenly on the gate, capturing it, and slaying or putting to terrified flight the Sepoys whom Lang and Roberts had watched in such a mood of careless and opium-fed unconcern only a few minutes before.

The party that captured the Lahore Gate then moved up the great street running from it through the Silver Bazaar—its shops all closed—till they reached the Delhi bank, which they carried. Another column forced its way into the Jumma Musjid, blowing in its gates without loss.

(To be continued)

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

X.

I AM extremely glad that I induced my excellent friend Mr. Soulsby to let me republish in these pages some Jottings from his Journal. The circulation of the CORNHILL is, I believe, considerably larger than that of 'St. Ursula's Parish Magazine,' and the republication has put the Vicar in touch with friends and sympathisers all over the country, of whose existence he was previously unaware. He says, with winning meekness, that he had lived through many a lonely decade—

Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,

for even Mrs. Soulsby was not always able to follow the trend of his heart-longings, and now, suddenly, the air all round him is vocal with responsive notes, and he stands no longer isolated and alone in the great world of intellect and spirit. Sympathetic correspondence on psychical and æsthetic themes pours into the Vicarage letter-box, and the demand for the 'Parish Magazine' rivals that for Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's 9th and 10th volumes. Now, I am well aware that, even without these newly developed interests, Mr. Soulsby leads what he calls 'a very full life' (though young Bumpstead and Bertha between them seem to do most of the parish work), and I hope, therefore, that I shall not be understood as reflecting injuriously on a friend and pastor, if I say that diary-keeping seems to be the natural occupation of an idle man. I quite willingly admit the bearing of this stern judgment on the rough memoranda out of which the 'Log-Book' is evolved. When, like the House of Lords in 'Iolanthe,' one

Does nothing in particular,
And does it very well,

there is a real though unintelligible pleasure in recording the performance. Soulsby, who believes that Atavism is the Sum of Philosophy, would probably say that heredity has been at work. And, in my own case, this is antecedently probable, for a journal of my great-grandfather's was discovered last year in the lumber-

room at Proudlesh Park, and the present head of the family has turned an honest penny by publishing some extracts from it in one of the magazines :

Saw the Learned Goose, and I was not a little surprised at seeing it discover the cards Mama and myself had chosen out of a Pack, and afterwards shuffled in the Pack. After looking at a watch, it discovered the hour, &c. But what most surprised me was that the Goose explained which of us had drawn the several cards. A Learned Pig also displayed very wonderful Abilities and Sagacity. He instantly obeyed the Man who told him to keep his Ears and Tail quite still.

This being Christmas Day, myself and wife at Church in the morning. At the collection, my wife gave 6*d.* ; but, they not asking me, I gave nothing. O ! may we increase in Faith and Good Works, and maintain the good Intentions we have this day taken up.

Those two entries, when I casually encountered them, seemed, as they say, to strike a chord. In that enviable faculty of being easily amused by simple pleasures, I recognise a leading feature of my own character ; and Selina was not slow to point out that my ancestor's meditations on Christmas bore a strong resemblance to my own. 'He put nothing in the plate, and then hoped he might live up to his good resolutions. That is so exactly like you, Robert—always professing to be going to do something, and never by any accident doing it. For my own part, I think the old gentleman was a humbug, and I only wish you weren't so like him.'

The charge of doing nothing is certainly hard to bear from the lips of one who has a right to be supported in luxury by one's toil ; and yet it is even harder to refute. As I glance over the pages of my diary, and see how September has slipped, and October is slipping, away—'the petty done, the vast undone'—I feel the pangs of a manly self-abasement. Is it conceivable, I ask myself, that any one will care to know that I rowed on the Serpentine, and went to 'Are you a Mason?' and supped at Frascati's ; played 'Bumble-puppy' with friends at Wimbledon, or spent an afternoon in watching the 'Goose-Match' at Harrow ? But even while I chewed this bitter cud of meditation, and had almost resolved to bring the Log to an abrupt and unhonoured close, my eye lit on a striking column in 'Classy Cuttings.' It bore the ever-attractive heading 'Rank and Fashion,' and it contained some truly exhilarating paragraphs, set forth in all the majesty of large capitals :

MR. JESSE COLLINGS will sail on the 27th inst. for India on a holiday tour.

THE REV. W. SPIERS has been appointed Wesleyan Minister for the Windsor Garrison.

H.R.H. PRINCE PURACHATRA OF SIAM will go into residence at Cambridge at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term.

MR. HERBERT G. SMITH has been appointed Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Horace Plunkett.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT is renewing his acquaintance this month with his native Galloway.

The contemplation of this column put new spirit into me. Like Dominie Sampson, when he had toasted Meg Merrilies in the 'cupfull of brandy,' I felt 'mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto me.' To Rank I lay no claim; and I yield all imaginable respect to the Princely Progeny of Siam. But if Fashion concerns herself with the preferment of Mr. Smith and the ministrations of Mr. Spiers; with Mr. Collings's voyage and Mr. Crockett's rambles, I feel that I too may be Fashionable. Truly we are greater than we know. As Sam Weller repelled Mr. Smauker's patronage at Bath by observing that 'me and the other fash'nables only come last night,' so I am inclined to believe that the real 'Fash'nables'—the cream and flower of the social world—are those elect souls who watch over deserted London and keep the flame of cultured intercourse alight during August, September, and October. Alas! we are a dwindling band. Lady Holland—most gracious and hospitable of hostesses—is gone; and Mr. Charles Villiers, with his inimitable conversation; and Sir Charles Wyke, with his astonishing reminiscences. But Mr. Frederick Cadogan still adorns the town and links us to the days of D'Orsay. Mr. FitzRoy Stewart is in daily attendance at the Offices of the Central Conservative Association; and at my club I often eat my luncheon at the next table to Mr. Kenneth Howard, who boasts the unique distinction of not having slept out of London for eleven years. Surely in such company I am at least as fashionable as Mr. Collings on his P. and O., or Mr. Crockett in the wilds of 'The Stewartry;' and I ought to be happy, but somehow I am not.

October is the one month in the year when I wish to be in the country. In London, October is a premature and shabby winter. In the country it is the last month of summer, with a superadded charm of its own. Not being, like Soulsby, a Cockney born, I cannot be satisfied with the jaded air of Kensington Gardens or the dusty bosage of St. James's Park. I think regretfully of autumns in Loamshire, with its great tracts of yellowing woodland, the beech avenue at the Sawpits, and the bracken in Proud flesh Park. These, of course, are memories of

childhood, but even at Harrow October was one of the pleasantest months of the year; for then we bade good-bye to the Moloch of cricket which had devoured the summer, and welcomed the advent of football, which (having always been tall and bulky) I could play at least with enjoyment to myself, if not with advantage to my side. Poor Edward Bowen 'voiced,' as they say, the emotions of the month:

October brings the cold weather down,
 When the wind and the rain continue:
 He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,
 And braces the languid sinew;
 So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,
 And the winter frost before us,
 Come sing to the king of the mortal year,
 And thunder him out in chorus!
 October! October!
 March to the dull and sober!
 The suns of May for the schoolgirls' play,
 But give to the boys October!

At Oxford it was just the same. The beginning of the October term saw everything at its best. Every one came back from the Long healthy and cheerful and sanguine. Every yearning was satisfied. For the æsthete, there was the Virginia creeper on the Founder's Tower at Magdalen; for the Ritualist, the Dedication Festival at St. Barnabas; for the 'Young Barbarian,' all the forms of salutary violence in which he most delights; for the studious and the cultured, the joy of good resolutions and the determination that this term, if never before, they would read steadily and eschew loafing. If we had got through our Schools in the summer, we were safe for two years from that one device of Satan which has been mysteriously permitted to mar the otherwise flawless perfection of existence amid the Dreaming Spires.

And when that Last Enemy of undergraduate life had been confronted and overcome, October, in country houses, had still its peculiar charm. For those who love to 'wade through slaughter,' there waited the fat pheasant, tame to the point of familiarity. For such as prefer the nobler art of venerie, and yet have a constitutional unwillingness to break their necks, there was cub-hunting, late enough in the day to permit a comfortable breakfast, and pursued amid fences so 'blind' that one might decline them without imputation of cowardice.

In virtue of my hereditary connection with 'The County,' and

of certain pecuniary formalities discharged by my father, I was entitled to wear the chaste uniform of the Loamshire Hunt—a scarlet coat with pea-green facings, and gilt buttons displaying a fox's mask and crossed brushes over a cypher of twisted L's. A manly diffidence in my own powers of horsemanship, coupled with an innate reluctance to pay unnecessary subscriptions, restrained me from thus bedizening myself; but a man may look very much like a gentleman in a well-cut black coat, and well-cleaned breeches and boots; and, though an indifferent rider, he may feel quite comfortable on the back of a horse which has learnt the vital accomplishment of standing still when required to do so. But I am anticipating the glories (and the perils) of November. In my favourite October I was happy enough in 'ratcatcher' costume, and on an animal closely akin to the convent horse in 'Ivanhoe,' of which the Prior said that it 'could not but be tractable, in respect that it draweth much of our winter firewood, and eateth no corn.'

The other day as I sate in my lonely drawing-room (for Selina had gone to her Bridge-party), gazing out on the desolation of Stucco Square, with its pall of clouds, its carpet of rotten leaves, its dingy turf, and its starveling cats, those recollections of October as it used to be came back with all the force of contrast, 'troubling' (I quote from a published sermon of Mr. Soulsby's) 'every chord of thought into a sweet though melancholy music which I vainly endeavour to recall.'

While I was musing, the fire burned; and I suddenly resolved to turn my back on the dismalness of London, and once again see the glories of October in a more lucent air. In the autumn a middle-aged man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Congresses. The newspapers are full of them. The Social Science Congress is, I believe, defunct, and lives only in Matthew Arnold's inimitable preface to Wordsworth. But the British Association is going strong and well. Miners, railway-servants, and all sorts and conditions of men—co-operators and trade-unionists, Zionists and Methodists, specialists in poor-law and enthusiasts for education—come together in their Congresses and read papers, and wallow in statistics, and attend receptions, and gambol at picnics. Only last week I had an interesting talk with my very good neighbour the minister of the Wesleyan chapel in Stucco Road. Though myself (as Mr. Soulsby well knows) a Churchman, I always cultivate friendly relations with my dissenting brother, and I

listened with sympathy to his account of the refreshing time which he had been enjoying at the Methodist Œcumenical Conference. What most thrilled me was my friend's account of his intercourse with that truly apostolic man, Bishop Hoss of the Episcopal Methodist Church of America. What is it in the genius of the American people that makes their proper names so purely pleasurable? *Bishop Hoss*. I pause on the combination, and roll it like a sweet morsel under my tongue. When Matthew Arnold had been introduced to the Burgomeister of Hamburg, he wrote: 'I am really quite glad to have called a man *Your Magnificence*, and to have been asked to dinner by him.' In the same spirit I feel that I could really give a good deal to have been able to accost a bishop—even of the Methodist variety—as 'Old Hoss,' without a suspicion of slang or even colloquialism.

My Methodist friend's experience gave a practical turn to my thoughts about October. When Congresses were so plentiful and so edifying, I felt that, in the beautiful words of the hymnodist, some droppings should be allowed to fall on me—even me. Bishop Hoss should find a rival in Bishop Wilberforce, who was at that moment opening the Church Congress at Brighton. The Métropole is within two hours' journey of Stucco Square.

So might my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

It was a decisive inspiration. I left Selina to her own devices, and went off for three days' change of air and scene to 'the agreeable fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex,' where, according to my favourite gazetteer (edition 1790), 'the Prince of Wales has lately erected a residence during the bathing season.' What would George IV. have thought of a Church Congress? How would the choice spirits who junketed in the Pavilion a century ago have regarded the motley throng which peoples it to-day? I leave these problems to the spiritual insight of Mr. Soulsby, whose paper on 'The Church in India according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling' was one of the most attractive items in the programme of the Congress.

I have always been fond of Brighton, ever since the days—alas! now distant—when I took my exercise in what the municipal code of fares describes as a 'hackney carriage, fourth class,' drawn by a goat and attended by a nursery-maid. For me there is a sense of health and gaiety in its 'unending and

manurous street.' I bask in its blinding glare; and its sea is made dear to me by the thought that I am not obliged to cross it. These are the normal charms of Brighton; and to-day they were enormously enhanced by the all-pervading atmosphere of clericalism. Everything was seen through a clerical medium; everywhere the clerical note was heard. To gaze upon 'the Church of England by representation'—a term which applies much better to the Congress than to Convocation—is indeed a rich and rare experience. I am well aware of all that is to be said against the 'iron uniformity of Rome'—indeed I have myself said a good deal of it at parochial gatherings in St. Ursula's Parish Hall. I am perfectly conversant with the sarcastic contrast between Roman ecclesiastics, 'all turned out of the same mould, each the exact reproduction of the other,' and English clergymen, 'each the product of an individual training, each cut and chiselled and fashioned into his separate form by the manly handling of his Public School and his College;' and yet as I surveyed the interior of the Dome at Brighton and fought with brawny curates for my chop at Mutton's I felt that after all the admirable liberty of Anglicanism had gone very near the perilous border of license. I hasten to add that I do not refer to matters of faith and doctrine. With such I do not presume to intermeddle. My remark is confined exclusively to matters sartorial and tonsorial.

Lord Beaconsfield once complimented an ecclesiastical friend on being 'an expert in clerical zoology;' and a cultivator of that science could scarcely find a better field for observation than the arena of the Church Congress. Let me just jot down, with no pretence of scientific accuracy, a few of the leading genera and larger species, a few of the most noticeable instances which met even the cursory gaze. First there were dignitaries, and of dignitaries many types. There were dignitaries with gaiters and dignitaries with trousers, dignitaries with pectoral crosses and dignitaries with gold *pince-nez*, dignitaries with corded hats, and dignitaries with hats amorphous but not corded. Then the beneficed clergy—indeed a motley throng! Long beards and short beards, streaming whiskers and 'Newgate fringes,' clean-shaved faces and cavalry moustaches. Coats in infinite variety: secular frock-coats with braided edges, clerical frock-coats shaped like postmen's tunics, 'Norfolk jackets,' and jackets unowned by any self-respecting county. Here and there, swimming rare in the

vast whirlpool of the Dome, a tail-coat reminiscent of Mr. Keble and the late Master of Balliol; here a monkish habit, not recognisable as belonging to any order in particular; there a smart great-coat with a velvet collar; here an Inverness cape, once grey and now weather-beaten to brown; there the 'Alexanemos, or priest's cloak,' a garment much advertised by the 'Lectern;' here one of Messrs. Vanheim and Wheeler's celebrated cassocks, which 'combine elegance in shape with ease in genuflecting;' there the double-breasted waistcoat which displays the golden stud; here the branching white neckcloth of the 'corner man' at a nigger entertainment; there the 'jam-pot' collar loved of the earlier Ritualists. No cast-iron uniformity here, I trow—no slavish aping of Roman rigidity.

But when I turn my gaze to the junior clergy, an insidious change begins to present itself. I note something which really resembles uniformity. Here and there a struggling moustache attracts the observant eye; here and there a white bow rather neatly tied—and did I catch a glimpse of brown leather trying shyly to hide itself in a crowd of shooting-boots and cycling shoes? The 'Jemima' boot, with elastic sides and a plain front, survives, I think, only among such as, being comfortably benefited, are out of chaff's way; and the only patent leather which I saw at Brighton gleamed on the shapely foot of Mr. Soulsby.

But, taking the curates as a mass, they begin to resemble one another. They are developing into a type. When the observer sees one of them, he can say with tolerable certainty, That youth is an English curate, not a Roman Seminarist, nor yet one of Mr. Spurgeon's students; not a waiter, nor yet a Hussar. These young men are cleanly shaved all round, their hair is cut short and parted on one side. They wear black straw hats, Roman collars, black jackets and waistcoats, and trousers turned up at the bottom, serviceable-looking shooting-boots, and silver watch-chains carried across the waistcoat from one pocket to the other. They are a healthy, wholesome, clean, manly-looking lot of youths; and, though the supply of ordinands is falling off in point of quantity, I am persuaded that in quality it has vastly improved in thirty years. I well recall the epicene and namby-pamby crew whom Dr. Vaughan so happily described: 'Men who choose the ministry because there is a family living waiting for them, or because they think they can make that profession—that, and none other—compatible with indolence and self-indulgence; or

because they imagine that a scantier talent and a more idle use of it can in that one calling be made to suffice.'

But here my reminiscences were disturbed by a chorus of feminine voices, and I saw a strong contingent of District Visitors from St. Ursula's and 'Fishers in Deep Waters,' all swathed in the black waterproof of parochial piety, surging out of the hall in which Soulsby had been reading his paper. 'Wasn't it wonderful? It was *quite* worth coming down for. I am *so* glad I came. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I suppose we shall have it in the "Magazine." I had no idea the Church was so strong in India. Somehow I had got quite a wrong notion from "Plain Tales from the Hills." Perhaps it's stronger in the valleys? And did you know Mr. Kipling was such a good Churchman? Oh yes! don't you remember that beautiful poem of his about a wedding, and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden"? No, I have quite forgotten it. Well, you must look it up when you get home.'

Suddenly the murmur of admiration lulled, and the sea of waterproof parted in two as Mr. Soulsby appeared—blander than ever, even to the point of the Seraphic, and limp from the effort of the morning's exercise.

'Hallo, Soulsby,' roars a voice which I recognise as that of my neighbour Mr. Cashington. 'Come along to our place, and have a bit of lunch. You must want it after that performance. No? Why the deuce are you in such a hurry to get back to the shop? Have a drink at any rate, even if you can't stop for the feed.'

But Soulsby is mildly firm. He must return to London by the next train. He only came down at great inconvenience, because the Bishop pressed it *à outrance*, and he is a dear friend of many years. The ceremonies of the Harvest Thanksgiving at St. Ursula's are, as the theatrical folk say, 'in active rehearsal'; and Mr. Soulsby's whole energy is centred on a new development, 'The Brown Paper Service.' 'It is quite a new idea, and a very beautiful one. Each child in the schools is to bring its little offering for the Cab Drivers' Orphanage; and, to avoid invidious comparisons of value, each offering is to be rolled up in brown paper. All the brown paper parcels are to be piled up in a pyramid on the chancel steps, and after a few words from me are to be blessed by Archdeacon Buggins.' To this development of Ritualism, I reply, beneath my breath, '*none other or otherwise*'; and mentally determine to stay at Brighton till the Harvest Festival is over.

BECKY.

SHE was one of sixteen children, and whereas in an ordinary family, if indeed the adjective could under any circumstances be applied to one of that size, she would have taken her place among the rank and file, have been merely a private individual, so to speak, in this she was both queen and commander-in-chief. Becky's arrival was the landmark in the otherwise dead-level of Mrs. Mulford's matrimonial career. For seven successive years she had presented her husband with a son; the birth of a daughter was, therefore, an epoch-making event, a point of departure in the domestic calendar. 'That wur just a-foor our Becky wur barned,' or, 'So an' so 'appened when the li'le gal wur gwine in her fower.'

After this solitary interruption the boys continued to arrive with the same monotonous regularity as before, until their mother remarked that 'some on 'um 'ud be fust to clear out, fur ther' wur'n't room to turn round in sich a fam'bly, let alone to live. 'Tis ter'ble confusin' havin' sa many o' one sort,' she was wont to say plaintively; 'if 'twurn't as all on 'um be sa diff'rent, I shouldn't knaw 'um apart. Ther's Mike, he be gone fur a so'jer, poo-er bwoy; an' Bill, as stuck the knife into his eye; an' Eli, wot 'ave fits, an' Harry as runned away to goo wi' the circus—likes it well, a does, too; Dan, as is sa beery,' and so through the whole tale, checking them off on her fingers and ending with the twins, 'which as how they be moor trouble than the hull o' the fust lot put together, 'ceptin' 'tis Dan.' This last was undoubtedly the black sheep of the party. Despite Mrs. Mulford's efforts, her sharp speeches and tearful entreaties, the unregenerate youth persisted in spending the greater part of his weekly earnings at the 'Dog and Duck,' which meant returning home drunk night after night, when the rest of the household were asleep. This reprehensible conduct was a source of much anxiety to his mother and sister. His father, easy-going man, said 'bwoys 'ull be bwoys; when a gets a bit older he'll get stiddier.' But this argument failed to satisfy the women, who reasoned that meanwhile, during the ageing process, there was no knowing what 'mishtiff' he might not consummate. 'Land hisself in jail more'n like, p'raps kill some-one an' be hanged for 't, all along o'

we letting 'un goo his own way; 'tis easy to see as thee ben't the lad's mother, Michael.' The statement was so indisputable that Mulford beat a hasty retreat, leaving his wife and daughter to bemoan the prodigal and stir themselves up to fresh efforts on his behalf.

'Tis narra mossel o' use to be allus a-chowin' at 'un, that on'y aggreevates 'un, an' meks he wickeder through contrariness,' decided Becky out of her varied experience of boy-nature; 'he's a ter'ble fore-right¹ chap is our Dan.' 'Dwun't 'ee be too hard on 'un,' interposed his mother deprecatingly; 'he do drink I'll allow, but a yen't sarcy like some on 'um, an' he niver lifts his hand agin ma or disannuls ma——' 'He knows better; if a tried that game on when I wur by, he'd find hisself in the wrong box.'

Becky's was no empty boast: this 'stalwart daughter of the plough' was a match for most of the village youths, and few would have cared to dispute the strength of her arm. She had no vocation for domestic service; during her first and only attempt she wrought such havoc among the crockery and felt 'sa scrumped for air, stived in a house,' that she determined to earn her living under the free vault of heaven. She learned to drive a straight furrow, to hoe turnips, to 'fag' wheat and 'hack' beans; she had even been known in hay-harvest to load up a waggon with the best of the men. In winter she strode over the sodden fields clad in short skirt, corduroy jacket and gaiters, and a wideawake felt hat tied down with a piece of string; in summer a sun-bonnet was substituted for the latter, while the jacket was replaced by a cotton bodice. From an external point of view Becky, thus habited, was not attractive; no bashful swains cast amorous glances at her, none dreamt of asking her to walk out with him. The men did not seem to think of her as a woman at all, but treated her *en bon camarade* as one of themselves, a fact which she was sufficiently shrewd to discover, and feminine enough to resent with a deep silent resentment. In her own family, however, as I have said, she reigned as queen; to her parents she was still 'the uncommonest li'e gal as iver I come across;' her young brothers obeyed her smallest behests, while the others continually sought her advice or sympathy in their scrapes and love affairs. To this rule Dan was the inevitable exception; he was deaf alike to his sister's as to his mother's exhortations, and many an hour the former lay awake revolving schemes for his reformation. She came at last,

¹ Fore-right, *i.e.* downright.

after he had been more than usually troublesome, to a tremendous decision which was ultimately fraught, as the sequel will show, with unlooked-for results. The elder half of the family, saving the prodigal, who had gone out, were sitting round the fire one evening when Becky appeared in coat and hat, and, telling her mother that she had business on hand which might detain her late, she opened the front door and vanished into the darkness beyond.

It was an unpleasant night to be abroad; a thick drizzle was falling, and it was so dark that Becky could scarcely see a yard before her. She plodded steadily through the mud until she found herself outside the 'Dog and Duck,' whence issued a broad band of light and the sound of voices and laughter mingled with snatches of songs. A moment she waited to summon her courage; then, pushing open the tap-room door, she paused on the threshold and surveyed the scene within. Flaring paraffin lamps shone dimly through the heated atmosphere, murky with tobacco smoke and reek from damp clothes. The place seemed full of men, gathered round the fire, stretched on the settles that lined the walls, or sitting on the tables among pots of beer. In the middle of the floor stood poor foolish Dan, a pipe in one hand, in the other a mug, the contents of which he spilled over himself and the bystanders, as he waved it in time to his song. 'Chor—ee—us, mates!' he shouted, unconscious of the stern eyes watching him from the doorway.

'Car'ty pow, car'ty pow,
Fur I be the bwoy wi' the car'ty pow.'

'Chor—ee—us, agen. "Car'ty pow——"'

With two strides Becky was beside him. 'Thee girt fool!' she said in a tone of concentrated scorn, 'thee girt drunkettin' fool, come home wi' me d'reckly minnit; dwun't 'ee know as our mam's a-frettin' herself to death all along o' thy prodigal ways? Come home, I tells 'ee.'

So astounded was the delinquent at the apparition and this forcible greeting that for some moments he could find no words, but stared at his sister as if unable to believe his senses.

Meanwhile the rest of the company, including those till now half asleep on the benches, gathered round the pair with evident enjoyment to await further development. The silence was broken by a snigger, and a voice unfamiliar to Becky's ears inquired how long 'Danny had kep' a nuss then, to bring him his pattens and umberella and fetch him home o' wet nights.'

Stung by the roar of applause that followed this witticism, the girl turned and sought the speaker with flashing eyes.

Among the rustics' white smocks and rough jackets, a soldier's scarlet tunic showed conspicuous, the owner of which offered Becky his tankard with an insolent smirk, 'Servant, miss; 'ave a drink along o' me!'

She gazed steadily into his bold, handsome face. 'Ah! I knows you now; you're Leetle Reeley as went fur a so'jer two 'ears a-foor our Mike. So you've come back agen? Well, folks sez as bad pennies turns up quick, an' tis true simly.'

This time the laugh was at Reeley's expense, who flushed a dark red as he replied, 'Taint so quick neither, seein' I've been away seven years and have took on for another seven.'

'Right glad I be to year on't,' was her return shot, that had the effect of momentarily silencing the enemy.

Dan meanwhile had succeeded in grasping the situation.

'Goo home theeself,' he said angrily; 'an', tell 'ee what, 'twud be a deal better if thee minded thee business 'stead o' running round to publics. Goo home, I sez.'

'Not till thee dost; if thee bides, I bides.'

With an oath the lad raised his hand, but she moved beyond his reach.

'It shan't come to blows betwixt we, if so be as I can help, Danny; but when it does, ten't me as 'ull be a-feard.'

'That's a spirity 'ooman, one o' my sort,' cried the soldier. 'Landlord, a mug of beer for this lady.'

Becky gave him a look of ineffable scorn as she seated herself by the wall, 'Lan'lerd, bring ma a glass o' ale, an' plase to remember that what I drinks I pays fur, not this—gentleman.'

For three long hours Becky sat amid the smoke and reek with smarting eyes and heavy head. Her mask of stony indifference gave no hint of the storm raging within; she appeared oblivious of the fact that her young brother was drinking deeply and was fast becoming quarrelsome; for any outward sign she might have been deaf to the coarse jests that were bandied from mouth to mouth concerning her, yet not a word, not an action escaped her notice. At closing time she rose and, opening the window, poured the contents of her glass into the road. After patiently waiting in the street, while Dan indulged in some horse-play with his companions, she accompanied him home, saw him safely indoors, and with a feeling of relief turned the key in the lock. But oh, how

tired she was, how loth to rise at four o'clock next morning ! Brother and sister, in the course of their work, had to encounter many winks and sly allusions, received by Dan in sulky silence ; Becky, on the contrary, treated the affair in a matter-of-fact light. ' If arra one choosed to set in the public, she spwosed 'un could do't ; 'tis a free country and she didn't see what call ther' wur fur sich a chatter about it. But ther', some folks is allus a-brivettin' arter other folkses business an' cassn't be satisfite wi' 'tendin' to their own.'

As she was tramping home to dinner she encountered Big Leetle, as he was called by village wags, in delicate reference to the disparity between his name and his size.

' Good morning, miss,' he said, bringing his hand with an exaggerated sweep to the salute ; ' I hopes as I sees you well this mornin', and that we shall be favoured wi' your comp'ny again to-night.'

But Becky, her chin very high, looked through him apparently at something of absorbing interest beyond, and passed on without vouchsafing a syllable. Reeley muttered an oath beneath his moustache, and turning towards some children who had witnessed the little comedy and were giggling over his discomfiture, he scattered them like leaves before the wind.

When Dan's sister followed him into the taproom that night, she was greeted by a shout of welcome and beset with numerous offers of refreshment. Calmly ignoring these attentions, however, she walked to a seat, called for a glass of ale, and as on the previous evening remained with it untasted before her. Night after night found this strange visitor at the ' Dog and Duck,' until her coming ceased to excite remark. Unmolested she was allowed to enter and depart ; it almost seemed as if the men's talk were less noisy when that mute figure was present, and though the soldier from time to time ventured on a jeering observation, he was given to understand that his conduct in this particular did not commend itself to the majority. Meanwhile the prodigal drank as deeply as before and waxed ever sulkier at home, so that his mother made haste to forestall his wants, and his younger brothers hid themselves in holes and corners when he was about. Mulford was exhorted to steer as clear as possible of his erring son, ' for bwoys be that ock'erd in their tempers, if arra one sez half a word to 'um as like as not they'll fly out, an' 'twud be an unked job if sa be as father an' son come to blows.' It needed all Mrs. Mulford's faith in her daughter to support her through this trying period.

Matters being in this inflammable state, a trifle only was

required to set them alight. Tibbs, the bully of the village, who presumed on his size, supplied the spark. Happening one night at the 'Dog and Duck' to stumble against Dan, he cursed the lad for getting in the way. In a moment young Mulford was at the other with his fists, glad to find an object on which to vent his long-pent wrath. From the first it was evident that he was over-matched, but rage lending him strength, he stood up pluckily to his big antagonist while the rest of the company crowded round exhibiting unholy joy at this welcome variation of the usual programme. The unequal contest had lasted a few minutes, and the boy was being somewhat severely punished, when an unexpected ally rallied to his assistance. There was a swift rush of a woman's form, a swirl of petticoats, and to the amazement of everyone, including the three principals, Tibbs was discovered on the ground with Becky, ponderous, immovable, seated upon him.

'Bravo, bravo!' cried a voice from the back of the room as a scarlet tunic pushed forward into the centre. 'That was capital well done, Becky; couldn't ha' floored him better myself. How did you manage it? 'cause I'd like you to learn me the trick.'

'Ther' wurn't no trick; I just ran up agin 'im.'

The soldier offered her his hand.

'Get up,' he said, 'an' clear out o' this. I'll finish the job for you; I reckon 'tis more my style o' work than yours. Now then, come on, you Tibbs.' But the big man had apparently had sufficient. He slowly gathered himself together, picked up his hat, and muttering that he felt 'rare mammered' in his head, he slunk away amid the jeers of his convives. Reeley turned to the two Mulfords: 'Get along home, both of you; this ain't the place for an honest woman, and Dan had best wash his face; he'll have a fine black eye to-morrow.'

To her own unbounded surprise, Becky found herself obeying this masterful soldier, and she and her brother marched down the village with their military escort. Arrived at the cottage, he opened the door, pushed Dan inside, and bade the girl follow him to the end of the garden.

'Look 'ere', he began, planting himself in front of her, 'I likes you, Becky; I likes you uncommon, though you 'udn't think it, seein' how I've jarled at you; but that was o'ny 'cause I was that mad wi' you for treatin' me sa scornful-like. What do you say? Will you walk out wi' me now, an' marry me when I leaves the army, which won't be for seven years?'

Mere words would be inadequate to express Becky's amaze-

ment at this proposal ; speech was beyond her ; indeed she had difficulty in persuading herself that it was not all a dream, from which she would wake in her truckle-bed beneath the rafters. As she remained mute, her lover, taking silence for consent, slipped his arm about her ample waist and kissed her mouth. ' There, my dear, now you go in ; and don't forget that you belongs to me ! I shall call round for you at seven sharp to-morrow evenin'.'

He strode away whistling, and Becky went indoors feeling ' just any'ow.' As if she would forget ! Bewilderment, pride at being chosen by the handsomest man in the village, love new-born at the touch of a pair of lips strove within her breast, now one, now another being uppermost. The joy and wonder of it all kept her awake the whole night through, until the dawn's cold light brought graver thoughts, for she was sober enough as she went about her work. Exactly at the hour named, Reeley presented himself at the Mulfords' door. ' Who be that then a-knockin'?' asked the mother, and Becky blushed beneath her tan when he stepped in, carefully rubbed his boots on the piece of carpet that did duty for a mat, and remarked that it was ' a fine night, the stars shinin' beautiful,' looking hard at the girl as he spoke.

Mulford removed his pipe from his mouth. ' Oh ! 'tis Leetle. Take a cheer, lad, if thee canst find one. What dost want ?'

' I wants Becky,' he replied, drawing himself up to his full height, but with circumspection, because the ceiling was low.

' Oho, so that's the way the land lays, is it ? Bless the gal, her face is all on a flame ! Well, you're a fine feller an' no mistake ; to think o' our li'lle gal gettin' a young man like you ! Aye, she's worth it, as you'll find out if you sticks to she.'

' Yes, I knows that, an' I means to stick to her. Come on, Beck ; we don't want to waste our time here.'

She rose obediently and went upstairs to fetch her Sunday hat, for it somehow struck her that the old wideawake was not suitable for a lover's walk under the stars. With sudden distaste she looked at her short skirt and corduroy leggings ; those at least should come off. But her fingers trembled so much over the buttons that before her hasty toilet was complete, more than one impatient shout reached her from below. ' Tis narra mossel o' use,' she murmured disconsolately, ' I cassn't niver mek myself fit to look at alongside o' he ; but if so be as he fancies ma, I mustn't fret.'

As they paced beneath the stars, Becky, her lover's arm about her, braced herself to utter what had been heavy at her heart throughout the day,

'Leetle, my dear, I do hopes an' prays as you ben't given to drink, 'cause I couldn't niver wed a beery man; 'twud just break my heart, it 'ud, if you was to goo every night to public like Dan. I'd sooner give 'ee up now, now a-foor it got too hard as I couldn't part from 'ee'; and her voice died away in a little sob.

'Can you read, my lass?' he asked, drawing her closer, and speaking with wondrous gentleness for such a masterful spirit. 'Yes? That's more than I can do. Then you shall see my sheet, an' if you finds that I've been drunk more than once in my seven years I'll let you give me up. 'Tis true as I go to the "Dog and Duck," but how can a man bide in a house wi' a lot o' cryin' childern an' not so much as a corner to himself? Home 's not been home to me since our mother took another husband; but when I can smoke my pipe in peace one side o' my own fire, and look at you a-sittin' on t'other, it won't be much that public will see o' me. Does that satisfy you, Becky?'

It did absolutely, and she abandoned herself to the full enjoyment of her happiness.

About this time Dan, under the sobering fear of his future brother-in-law, turned over a new leaf, and no longer consumed his money and his leisure at the inn, so that during the few remaining weeks of Reeley's furlough things in the Mulfords' household progressed smoothly, and something of the supreme content that shone in Becky's face was reflected by the rest of her family.

'I can't write to you, 'cause I don't know how,' said the soldier, when he came to bid her good-bye before starting on foreign service, 'an' 'tis no use you sendin' me letters that I'd have to take to another chap who maybe 'udn't read what was truly wrote, so we must just stick to one another till my seven years is up. Don't you fret about me, Beck; as sure as I'm alive, I'll come back to you.'

And so Becky slipped once more into her old groove with this difference—how great it was!—that she had now a recognised social status of no mean degree among the girls of the village, a memory of which nothing could rob her, and a hope that every day brought nearer fruition. She would have been quite happy had it not been for Dan, who, finding the path of virtue too slippery now that Reeley's influence was withdrawn, returned to his former ways, undeterred by his sister's remonstrances. As if in order to make up for past abstention, he took to frequenting the public-house during his dinner-hour as well as at night, and thus it was that, one day when all hands were busy thrashing,

his master found him hopelessly incapacitated. Throughout the morning Dan had been head 'feeder'; now, however, his place was empty, for it requires a steady head to stand on the edge of the drum above the whirring machinery and thrust the loosened sheaves into those rapacious jaws below. Becky's work was, with one or two other women, to receive the corn as it was tossed from the rick to the 'box,' to remove the bonds and pass it to the feeder. When she saw her brother's state, she volunteered to fill his post, and despite the fact that this dangerous task is supposed never to be entrusted to a woman, the farmer, after some demur, accepted her offer; he could ill afford to spare another man, and Becky 'knew what she wur about, blesh you.'

For an hour or so all went well, when suddenly above the engine's cheerful hum was heard an awful shriek, a cry of agony that rang for many a day in the ears of those who heard it. No one knew how the accident happened, whether she slipped, or caught her dress, or whether she became giddy; in some way or other the wheel with its notched shutters gripped her leg in its cruel fangs and severed it below the knee. She had ceased to shriek when they drew her out, and lay white and still upon the grass, while the neighbours ran wildly hither and thither, some to summon her parents, others to spread the news and fetch the nearest doctor. Dan, sobered at the sight of the death-like face, the mutilated form, flung himself on the ground beside her, refusing to be comforted. 'She's dead! our Beck's dead, an' 'tis me as have killed her!' he wailed; but she did not die, though the struggle was hard. She recovered to find herself a cripple for life, her vigorous health shaken, her only stock-in-trade a pair of crutches. The shock affected her spirits also, which were further depressed by the difficulty of earning her livelihood, and by a deeper, a more bitter distress. What would Leetle say to a lame wife? Could she, ought she to keep him to his word? She decided, in spite of the pain it cost her, that she ought not; but to let him know this was impossible, as she had no idea of his whereabouts except that he was 'in furrin parts.' So she had to do that which is the hardest thing of all—to sit still and wait, wait seven years, not daring to look back on those few weeks which made such a bright dividing line across her life, any more than she dared to look forward now that the brightness had faded from the future.

She was alone in the house one morning some three months after her accident, when Dan entered in a mysterious fashion

with an odd-looking parcel under his arm. 'Tis for thee, Becky,' he said, shamefacedly. 'I've been savin' my money this while to gin 'ee summat, an'—an' Becky, I yen't a-bin drunk once since *thee knows when*. I gin 'ee my word as I wun't niver be agen, 'ceptin' 'tis Boxin' Day, an' Feast, an' sich-like times. Thee dwun't mindt now an' agen like that ther', do 'ee?' with manifest anxiety.

Becky gave a wan smile. 'I dwun't think as there'd be a wunnerful deal o' harm in what you sez, but let me see your parcel, Dan. 'Tis a comacal shape enough.'

'It's a 'ooden leg as carpenter made for 'ee. Mr. Hicks a sez to me, a sez, "What for dwun't Becky get her a leg made, so as she could walk about an' do a little washin' or rook-starvin'?" And says I, "She yen't got no money to pay fur 'n, but I have, an' if you'll mek 'un I'll pay you all as I've got now, and the rest arter a bit as I can scabble it together." So a did, an' year 'un be. If 'tis too long Mr. Hicks 'll cut 'un shorter. He's put straps and all to't so as thee canst we'r'n now.'

Having come to an end of this long speech, Dan opened the door and fled, for there were tears, which he could not bear to see, running down his sister's face. But when he came home that evening she was walking, stiffly it is true, but actually walking about the house.

The seven years came to an end at last. The Mulfords' household was smaller than it used to be; several of the boys, including Dan, had married and gone away during the interval, others possessed homes of their own in the village. Becky had worked and waited, taking in washing, scaring birds, as Mr. Hicks suggested, and doing any odd jobs suited to the capacity of one so handicapped. She was hanging out clothes to dry one morning when the gleam of a scarlet tunic on the road caught her eye; involuntarily she clutched at the line-prop to steady herself, while for a moment everything swam before her sight. A few minutes later a soldier—a stranger—lifted the latch of the garden-gate and walked up the path. 'Does Miss Becky Mulford live here?' he inquired.

'Yes, I'm her. Will you please to walk in?'

'No, thanks, I'm in a hurry. Goin' on four miles further. Reeley, my comrade, give me a message for you.'

Becky began to tremble, 'Won't you sit down?' she begged.

'Much obliged, but I wants to get on to see my friends. Got a sweetheart over in the next village. As I was a-sayin', my chum give me a message for you. 'Tell her,' sez he, 'that I've a-took

on for another seven years, that I'm well an' hearty, an' I hopes she's the same. I thinks on her every day, an' shall come back as true as I'm alive.' Them was his last words to me when I left the reg'ment in India, an' come home a time-expired——; but I sees you ain't well, miss. Good mornin', and the messenger vanished as quickly as he had appeared.

Becky made her way back to the house, feeling suddenly very old and weak. The depth of her disappointment was the measure of her previous hope which had refused to be stifled. She sank into a chair, and, bowing her head on the table, burst into a passion of weeping.

About this time folks began to notice that Becky Mulford was growing old; her hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey, her face was worn, and there was a weary look about her eyes, from which expectation had faded.

'She glooms about her work,' they said, 'a-sif a wur a walkin' corpse, an' you'd take her to be nigher fifty nor forty. 'Tis a sad pity as she cassn't find a measter to kee-up she; but ther', 'ten't ivery man, bless 'ee, as 'ud keer about marryin' a 'ooman wi' a 'ooden leg.'

The incident of her brief courtship had long been forgotten in the village. Leetle himself had almost dropped out of remembrance; if mentioned at all it was as one dead. 'Aye, poo-er chap, us shan't niver year no moor o' he. When 'um gets over fur sa long in t'other countree 'ten't very often as 'um lives to come home. Ah, he's bin cold this many 'ears.'

Becky took no account of time's flight, the spring of hope being broken, and the end of the second period passed unnoticed by her. Year in year out she stood at her wash-tub working for herself and her parents, because the brothers near at hand had 'little fam'blies' to support, and those far away—'well, bwoys isn't like gals; they's moor fur lookin' arter theirselves, and gals fur lookin' arter other folks.'

The seasons made small difference to her, except that in spring life seemed rather less bearable. The gladness of the world newly awakened from its winter sleep, aroused no answering echo in her breast: the songs of the birds, the cheerful humming of the bees among the flowers, even the lazy afternoon content of the cattle, knee-deep in buttercups, grated on her spirit. From where she worked, with doors open on account of the May warmth, she could look across the meadows and orchards where sunbeams played hide-and-seek between the tree-boles, and white fruit-blossom lay against the green of young leaves like late snow

on an Alpine meadow. Across the little kitchen stretched a broad band of sunshine, and as she plunged her arms, after a momentary pause, into the suds again, something—a shadow—fell across the band. She glanced up, shading her eyes with her hand, to see a tall figure in a scarlet tunic standing on the threshold against the light. Becky trembled, for she thought it was a ghost, but when he spoke she knew that it was Leetle come home at last.

‘Don’t you know me, my girl?’ he said, in the same confident voice as of old. ‘You’re a bit changed, but I’ ha’ knowed you anywheres. Give me a kiss, Becky, an’ tell me you’re pleased to see me; this is a poor kind o’ welcome arter fourteen years. You’ve not altered your mindt? Don’t go for to say as you won’t marry me.’

The anxiety in his voice helped her to find speech. ‘I be a cripple,’ she wailed; ‘I lost one o’ my legs soon arter you went away, and thee ’udn’t keer to be bothered wi’ a lame missus; ten’t nat’ral as ’ee should. Goo away, Leetle, goo away an’ get a younger sweetheart, not an old grey-haired ’ooman like me,’ and she covered her face with her hands while her frame shook with sobs.

For a few moments there was silence, broken by the soldier, who said in his masterful fashion, ‘Becky, you just take them hands o’ yourn away, an’ look me straight in the eyes. If you can tell me that you’ve changed your mindt I’ve nothen more to say, ’cept that I ’udn’t ha’ thought it of you; but if so be as you loves me like I loves you, I don’t keer a——’ (and he swore a soldier’s oath) ‘whether you’ve one, or two, or three legs for the matter o’ that, nor whether your hair is grey or green; ’tis you—*you*, Becky, as I likes, not your hair. Take them hands away this very minute. Ah, my dear! I knowed you weren’t the kind to change,’ as his arms went round her and she was gathered to his breast.

The wedding created a sensation in the village; people said that ‘the way them two just about smiled the one at the t’other wur summat comacal.’ ‘Iss, an’ did ’ee see how he ran out o’ church in front o’ she so as he should be measter a said? But Becky, she looked saft at ’un, an’ sez she, “Thee allus wur that, Leetle;” so he ups an’ kisses her afoor all the folks, an’ sez he, “I gies ’ee my word as I’ll be a good ’un, my dear.”’ And so he has been, for these things happened many years ago, and Becky often declares that she wouldn’t change husbands ‘wi’ any ’ooman in the world—no, not fur wotever.’

ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

VI.—A MEDITATION AMONG THE TOMBS.

I HAVE been spending my holiday in a solitude peopled only by ghosts; but the ghosts have been English ghosts of a sanguine complexion and honest humanity, and I have grown to love them; and I would gladly, if I could, put on paper some portion of my enthusiasm, so as to propagate the example of their virtue among their modern representatives. The persons for whom your interest is solicited are the great mediæval merchants, especially the wool-staplers, who lie in forgotten¹ graves beneath the floors of the magnificent churches they erected over the Cotteswold country, which pastured their sheep and turned their fleeces to gold before the invention of steam machinery took trade away to the coal districts, and Australian wool undersold the English market. The reader will, I trust, allow me to consider that he has made one in that great company who pass through Oxford in the summer on their way to Stratford-upon-Avon; and having a day or two to spare, after satisfying his soul with the fascination of that siren among cities, will consent first of all to transfer his person and interest to the line of railway that follows the Thames Valley as far as Fairford. There is much to see on the journey, even from the carriage windows, not the least thought-provoking spectacle being the mad rush north of the siren city herself to embrace Summertown and Wolvercote. (*Quo, musa, tendis? Desine, pervicax!*) But to-day we are to spend with the dead; so having reached Yarnton Junction and admired the beautiful Jacobean manorhouse, lately restored by Mr. Bodley, we turn west and, passing even Lechlade without alighting, push on to the terminus.

The hero of Fairford is one John Tame, who built the present church at the end of the fifteenth century to supersede one hardly a century older, built by the Beauchamps; gold showing itself, then as now, mightier than blood, or at least less apt to be spilt; for the manor of Fairford came to King Henry after Bosworth

¹ They are forgotten, despite their munificence, by the great *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Field, and was let by him to the prosperous wool-stapler of Cirencester, which town's name I shall take leave henceforward to write more phonetically Ciceter. 'Fairford,' says Leland, 'never flourished before the coming of the Tames into it.' The new esquire, among the many benefactions which marked his acquisition of the manor, determined to rebuild the church in such a way that its windows, filled with painted glass, might tell the simple Christian worshippers the whole story of their faith; and he accomplished his purpose. In the twenty-eight windows may be seen depicted the chief events of the Gospel history; the twelve prophets who foretold and the twelve apostles who witnessed to it; the four evangelists who wrote down the record and the four Latin fathers who were its chief expounders; and above in the clerestory the great martyrs for the faith confronting the great persecutors. The glass of the windows may disappoint the *virtuosi* who know the jewelled glass of still earlier days; but it is nevertheless exceedingly beautiful, and it has this advantage over the earlier glass, that it admits pictures of the Scripture scenes. The grouping of some of these is remarkable, and the colour is deep and full; at the same time there is enough sky in the background to admit ample light to the church—a consideration that the modern glass-makers too often ignore. It used to be said that the whole churchful of glass was captured on the high seas, and a new church built to fit it. The legend can be traced no further back than the antiquary Dr. Parsons, who was Chancellor of Gloucester after the Restoration. He says: 'John Tame, Esq., merchant, was y^e first founder of this church, whose son, Sir Edmund Tame, finished the same. He, being a merchant, took a ship that attacked, in which was excellent paynted glasse.' But experts are now convinced that the glass was designed for the church, and not the church for the glass. Another legend credits the work to no less an artist than Albert Dürer. But again the experts dissent. One of them, the late Rev. J. G. Joyce, who gave infinite pains to investigating the history of the windows, decided that the glass was certainly made in England, but that both Germans and Flemings were employed in the execution.

Before quitting the church let us not omit, especially if we are merchantmen, to pay our vows at the altar tomb of John Tame between the chancel and Lady Chapel. We may cast a respectful glance also at the brass of his worshipful son and heir, Sir Edmund. And finally we must not pass without recog-

dition the monument to Sir William Oldisworth ; since it is to him, according to tradition, that the church and all English people owe it that there are any windows left in Fairford to-day. Bigland, in his 'Antiquities of Gloucestershire,' says 'that during the commotions when the Republican army were on their march to Cirencester, William Oldysworth, esquire, the Impropriator, fearing its destruction, caused the whole to be taken down and concealed.' One has to travel no further than Worcester Cathedral, in which 'the Republican army' worshipped for a few days after its kind, with axes and hammers, in order to realise our debt to the public spirit of this gentleman. Some writers think this story of Bigland's incredible, because in 1656 the windows were exhibited to Anthony a Wood by the same Mr. Oldysworth ; and the Rev. Mr. Hutton, of St. John's College, Oxford, in a privately printed paper quotes some verses of that year from Abraham Wright's 'Parnassus Biceps' which afford additional evidence that they certainly were up in their frames then :—

Fairford, boast !
Thy church hath kept what all have lost,
And is preserved from the bane
Of either war or Puritan.

But this was thirteen years after the march to Ciceter, and the civil war had long been over. Moreover there was no reason to suppose that the Stuarts would ever return ; so that if the windows were to be put back at all, we should expect to find them in their places by 1656. The misplacing of two or three of the subjects goes to show that they had been taken out and put in again.

From Fairford we may make the journey, so often made by the Tames, to Ciceter ; and as there is no railway, we must make it, as they did, by road. The church at Ciceter is magnificent even for this part of the country, where the number and excellence of the churches are pointed at by the proverb 'As true as God is in Gloucestershire.' Like most other parish churches in England, it grew up slowly by additions and restorations, but its present spaciousness tells of the ideas of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Ciceter parish church having been served from time immemorial by the canons of the adjoining abbey, the glory of its successive re-edifyings falls naturally to the various abbots. But the money which these abbots expended with greater or less care and skill came principally from the wallets of the faithful

wool-staplers and clothiers. Antiquaries have unearthed in the diocesan registry not a few wills leaving generous bequests for this and that particular service or improvement. In wills of 1402 and 1403 there are bequests towards the building of the tower. John Pratt, in 1513, leaves 40*l.* to 'the myddel yle in the Parish Church'; twenty pound was to be paid when the work was begun and the remainder as it proceeded, with a special donation of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* towards the scaffolding; but if a twelvemonth elapsed before the building was taken in hand, then 'I wol that a prest singe for me and my friends, having vj *li*, xiiij *s*, iiij *d* by yere while the said money lasteth.' The work must have been begun at once, because Master Pratt's widow fourteen years later bequeathed her residue to complete it, as the husband's will gave her permission to do on that condition. Many parishioners leave sums for the glorious south porch, or parvise, still locally known as the 'Vice'; among them one Robert Stone bequeaths forty sheep, and John Gerveys adds to his donation of 10*l.* a request to be buried there. Was it humility or the dread of being forgotten that led people thus to desire burial in 'some way of common trade'?

But it is the special chantries that not unnaturally attracted the most gifts. A merchant family called Garstang, for example, rebuilt the eastern portion of the south aisle and founded there a chantry for themselves dedicated to St. Edmund Confessor, enclosing it with a beautifully carved screen on which are figured both their shield of arms and their merchant's mark. But in their natural zeal for their own souls' welfare they are not forgetful of the general honour of the church. In 1457 'Harri Garstang honoured the [Lady] chappell with worshipfull vestiments, y^t y^a to saye, ij wht copeyes and chisypl, ij tuniclys with purtenances on sute.' He gave also, what some may think more to the point, a bound Bible, with four silvered markers, and covered with a red and gold cloth. In 1458 Will. Sydney gave 5*l.* for 'j egyll,' and Agnes Rawe 'ij pillows' for the altar; both for the Lady Chapel. Another great benefactor was Sir W. Nottingham, who rose from a family of weavers to be Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He left money to maintain a priest for the altar of St. Thomas the Martyr, where his parents lay buried, and also to support four poor weavers. All the chantry moneys were diverted, in 1548, to enrich our new Protestant nobility, which was obviously of more benefit to the commonwealth than a parcel of shaveling priests,

but the 6*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*, the annual share of the four poor weavers, was reserved, and the exact sum is still paid to them, without any regard, it is said, to the present value of the money bequeathed. The elder Nottingham's brass survives with an inscription in contracted Latin: 'Orate pro aiabus Willi Notyngnam et Cristine uxoris eius &c.' I hope that at least the family which at present enjoys the chantry endowment, having superseded the priest, performs this pious duty. The Gotorests are another family of merchants whose brasses remain: they were vintners and apothecaries, and perhaps earned their name from purveying poppy and mandragora and other 'drowsy sirups.' A clothman called Robert Ricarde maintained a singing priest who was also to teach four children to sing divine service. Ricarde's peculiar devotion was to St. Anthony; but St. Anthony proved powerless to prevent the fees for teaching the choir boys from finding their way to lay pockets in that great year of grace 1548. Into lay pockets also went the endowment for an organist. Ricarde had been bailiff, and, having served his year of office, he bequeathed his scarlet and crimson gown to the St. Nicholas chapel 'to be bestowed in vestures and ornaments to be used yerely at the feast of the said holy confessour, and at other tymes, to the lawde of God and hym.'

Of all the Ciceter merchants, however, the one whose memory I most devoutly cherish is a certain grocer called Hugh Norris. There seems to me a singular charm about his epitaph:

Reyse, gracious Jhū, to endless lyfe
At thy grete dome where all schall apere,
Hughe Norrys, groc', and Johan hys wyf,
Nowe dede in grave and beryed here,
Yo' p'yers desyring their soules for chere
The x day of July the yere
Of our Lord God MCCCCXXIX.

This contrasts well, both as poetry and as religion, with the epitaph on the brass of a certain Philip Marner, who died just a century later:

In Lent by will a sermon be devised
And yerely preacher with a noble [6*s.* 8*d.*] prised;
Seven nobles hee did geve y^r poore for to defend
And £80 to xvij men did lend,
In Ciseter, Burford, Abingdon & Tetburie,
Ever to be to them a stocke yerely.

And then, again, Norris's will is conceived in a specially patriotic

spirit, and has more than a touch of the wisdom of the serpent. Here is an extract :

'Item, I gyff and bequethe to the reparation of the hygh wayes v li. sterling where the honest men of the town of Circester shall thynk moost need about Circester. Item, I gyve to the use of the Parish Church of Circester a pall of velvett on condycion that the said pall shall be used and occupied at the desire of any man and woman that is or hath been or shall be speciall benefactours to the seid parish and not to be used otherwise nor to no other persons.' . . . 'Also, if it fortun that any honest men or women be departed, if it please the executors to have the use of the seid pall at their berryng the which hath not geve nayther bequethed nothing unto the welth of the church, I am content if he or she be rych, he or she shall pay for the usyng of the said pall iij s. iiij d., and any other man or woman for the use of the seid pall xx d., and with the seid money geven I ordeyn that yt shall be kep to the maynteyning of the seid pall and vestiments and copes [previously bequethed] in the vestry to honour God therewith.'

That scheme of providing (and lending for a consideration) a special pall for benefactors seems to betoken a shrewd knowledge of human nature; and the idea is worth the attention of modern rectors and churchwardens. Ciceter might put to this purpose the only one of its many vestments which survived what Dr. Jessopp well calls 'the great pillage' of Edward VI.; a beautiful blue cope embroidered with pomegranates and winged cherubim, which has already for some purpose been reduced to a rectangular shape, and is now exhibited in the south aisle.

One would like to know the history of the painted glass, who gave it, and who destroyed it. In a very curious petition presented to Archbishop Laud in 1639 the church is made to say, 'I am in comlynness not much inferior to the cathedral church of Bath, but for want of white-lyming of marl look rustily. My windows are parti-coulured, white in one place and red in another, but I was founded with rich coulured glass, such as is in Fayreford church neare me in the same dioces, which is kept decently to this day.' Probably the Edwardian Commissioners had taken a dislike to the subjects of certain windows as being legendary (just as a learned Chancellor only the other day objected to a St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin), and incontinently poked their sticks through them. In 1642 Prince Rupert used the church as a prison for some of the townsmen, and their friends outside are said to have broken a good many windows to hand food through to them. What remains of the old glass has been collected into the great west window, where among the saints and doctors are still to be found a few kneeling figures of donors. The glass was

arranged here by the antiquary Lysons about 1800, and it is satisfactorily done except for the blue groundwork in which the figures are embedded, which is the purple blue peculiar to that date. The result is that the much greyer blue of the old glass is quite killed. Now that workmen have had greater success in reproducing the old colours, the churchwardens might do a service to the eyes of the congregation at a very small expense by substituting a new framework more in harmony with the tones of the old glass. On the pillars round the nave are carved and painted the shields of benefactors, chiefly of the fifteenth century. Among them are Garstang, and the other merchants, whose brasses survive, and also our old friend Tame of Fairford, or rather his son Sir Edmund, who, being steward of the Abbey, had a house in Ciceter, which displayed, it is said, his new coat of arms in every window. So persistent from age to age are the qualities of human nature.

Leaving Ciceter by the old Roman road we climb up eight or nine miles to what Leland calls 'the praty uplandisch toune' of Northleach, now (save reverence) a dead-alive village; but in the centuries we have to-day in mind the chief market, along with Chipping Campden, of wool and cloth in England, and a town with bailiff, sergeant-at-mace, and other officers of worship,¹ to deride, nickname, mock, or game any of whom was to incur a fine not exceeding sixpence, besides bodily punishment. The church standing on high ground with a magnificent embattled tower is an enduring monument to the greatness that has now altogether deserted the region. The merchant to whom the nave owes its rebuilding in that grandiose fifteenth-century style, which now, bereft of all its colour both in window and on wall, looks somewhat bare and bleak, was a certain John Forty. Wantner says 'that the body of the church was built at first very low and dark; and therefore to make it more lightsome and splendid one Mr. Fortey, a wealthy clothier, at his own proper cost and charge,

¹ There has been preserved a Northleach Court Book stretching from Edward VI. to William and Mary. Some of the entries are quaint enough both in substance and in spelling, e.g. :—

22 Oct. 1578. A faut mad bi Nicholas broat of Stow of the holld [Stow in the Wold] for bringing of bred to marcat, wyche bred lachet weyte, the peny wytt loufe weyde nomor but nyteene unsis.

26 Sep. 1607. We dyd admyt Symon Walbridge to occupy the mystery of a barber, his fyne xij d.

Ap. 13 1610. John Skilhorne to the science of taylor, his fyne ij s vj d.

7 Sep. 1638. For faggots to burne the measely pigge 0. 0. 6.

pulled down the roof and raised the walls thereof nearly as high again as it was before, and covered it with lead.' John Forty died in 1428, as we learn from the brass that still survives in the church. The south chapel, it is said, was built by another clothman, William Bicknell, to whom may belong one of the brasses which have lost their ascriptions. Was it he who chose the following epitaph on one of these nameless brasses?—

Farewell, my Friendes, the Tyde abydeyth no Man;
I am departed from hence and so shall ye;
but on the Passage the best songe that I can
is *requiem æternam nobis*. Jhu graunte it me
When I have ended all myn adversitie,
Graunte me in Paradise to have a mansion
That shed Thy blode for my redemption.

The stanza was the fifteenth-century version of 'Affliction sore long time he bore,' but what a fine commonplace! It may have been Bicknell who built the superb south porch, 'a heaven for to see,' with its beautiful arcading and its sculptures, still recognisable though defaced, of the Blessed Trinity and the Holy Mother and Child. If so, he may well be content that his brass has perished, and say with Horace, 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius.' Of names that are preserved we may note Thomas Forty, Robert Serche, and Thomas Bushe, 'merchaunt of the Staple of Calys,' doubtless all in their day bailiffs of the ancient borough, who, having done their duty upon their fellows in open court, have been touched themselves at last upon the shoulder by the mace of that 'fell sergeaunt Death,' and stand here patiently upon their woolpacks waiting the last assize. Some of the brasses of these worthies are so excellently designed that they will be found figured in handbooks of the art and treatises upon mediæval dress, and so what names have persisted till to-day are likely to survive as long as most things mundane. It is a pleasure to see how well they are protected by matting from wear and tear and worse. I was a little unhappy at Ciceter to notice that the edges of some were turned, and that those in the chapel now used as a choir vestry were not guarded in any way from *puer vulgaris*, a more edacious monster than Time himself.

From Northleach two roads are open to us, either that overlooking the picturesque villages of Windrush, Great Barrington, and Taynton to Burford, or by Bourton-on-the-Water, Stow-on-the-Wold, and Moreton-in-the-Marsh to Chipping Campden. From

either town the pilgrim may continue his journey to Stratford and civilisation. If the pilgrim chance to be a poet, he will recognise that his choice has already been made for him.

O fair is Moreton in the Marsh
And Stow on the wide wold,
But fairer far is Burford town
With its stone roofs grey and old;
And whether the sky be hot and high
Or the rain fall thin and chill,
The grey old town on the lonely down
Is where I would be still.

O broad and smooth the Avon flows
By Stratford's many piers;
And Shakespeare lies by Avon's side
These thrice a hundred years;
But I would lie where Windrush sweet
Laves Burford's lovely hill;—
The grey old town on the lonely down
Is where I would be still.

I am not sure whether I can go so far with the poet as to praise the beauty of Moreton-in-the-Marsh; had he said Bourton-on-the-Water, 'that English Venice,' with its grey bridges thrown across the stream, I had been with him; but in his affection for Burford I entirely concur. Nevertheless, I will not take the reader there on this present pilgrimage. The truth is that Burford lies in the limit of that excellent divine and antiquary who in the September number of this magazine explored with us the valley of the Coln, and I hope next summer he may be good enough to take us down the Windrush. Then we shall see what we shall see. We follow, therefore, the Roman road north through those places with the picturesque names that I above rehearsed. For my ears they have an indescribable music, but all ears are not tuned to the same key. The story is told in Oxford that a certain college wanted to let a manor house in this district, and advertised it in the public papers as within two miles of Stow-on-the-Wold, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and Bourton-on-the-Water, with the result that not a single application for the tenancy was received. Whereupon one of the more worldly wise of the Fellows suggested that the advertisement should be changed to 'within two miles of three railway stations,' and his wisdom justified itself in the abundance of replies. But as a fact there is no marsh at Moreton, the water at Bourton is but the upper water of the Windrush, and all this district is from 400 to 800 feet above

sea-level, and as salubrious for the hides of men now as it once was for the fells of sheep. Not stopping, however, upon their beauties, but resisting the temptation to do so by taking train where first it becomes possible at Bourton-on-the-Water, we proceed to Chipping Campden, noting as we pass, though Murray will not give us the information, that the merchant prince and benefactor of Stow, comparable to the Tame of Fairford and Forty of Northleach, was a certain Robert Chester, whose son William received a grant of arms in 1467 and became the ancestor of a great Elizabethan lord mayor and founder of the Chesters of Chicheley, who in due time grew into baronets and so forth. The church tower, eighty feet high and a conspicuous landmark, may be seen from the railway. We alight then, at last, at Chipping Campden, or 'Campden,' as the station board has it, wood being scarce on the Great Western Railway. For the same reason the platform is not built long enough for the normal number of carriages, we are in the rear of the train, and the front part has to emit its passengers before we are drawn up to the station, to find that as rain is falling the small hotel omnibus, when we reach it, is already over-full. We must therefore either tramp the mile and a quarter, or if we have luggage kick our heels in the waiting-room till the omnibus returns for a second load. Meanwhile we can meditate. How few of all the graceful and decorous nymphs that haunt the slopes of Campden Hill in Kensington rejoicing in its finer ether and the spacious gardens held back yet a little while, though by an ever-lessening lease, from the builder of flats, pay any tribute of respect or even recognition to the obscure little Gloucestershire town that gave their hill its name! It is perhaps only the devout and imaginative male mind that cherishes such pieties. And yet Chipping Campden must have been to its female inhabitants in the fifteenth century pretty much what High Street, Kensington, means to Campden Hill to-day. For Chipping seems to combine in itself the notions both of shopping and of cheap shopping; and if shopping be a joy for ever, cheap shopping, or 'cheaping,' must have been that joy in its highest intensity.

Campden is one long and lovely street, containing in its course examples of the Cotteswold domestic building of all centuries from the fourteenth onward, all in the grey stone of the district with stone-slatted roofs and mullioned windows. There is a fifteenth-century town-hall with delicately carved buttresses—

for Campden was a corporation until a few years since—and a market-house with ten gables, standing near together like islands in the midst of the broad thoroughfare, much as St. Mary's and St. Clement's stand in the Strand; and where the road bends to the left, as you go down it, there is a fine row of grey and gabled almshouses above the road on a raised terrace, which were founded in 1612 by the builder of the market-house, Sir Baptist Hicks. And so we come to the church, with a tower even nobler than Northleach, and with the same broad spaces within. Perhaps Campden Church is not so successful in some respects as the others we have been visiting, for its arches are more flattened, and one sees whence came the suggestion of the 'Gothick' arches at Strawberry Hill. The late Perpendicular style, even more than its predecessors, needs a master to reconcile us to it; such as was Sir Reginald Bray, the courtly architect of King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, and St. George's Chapel at Windsor, to name only his masterpieces.

What are the names of the fifteenth-century woolmen that Campden delighted to honour because they honoured Campden? As their brasses record them they are William Grevel, who died in 1401; William Welley, 1450; John Lethenard, 1467; and William Gybbys, 1484. Grevel is said to have inhabited the beautiful house with the oriel window that certainly dates from his time. He left 100 marks to the new work in the Church of the Blessed Mary of Campedene, where he desired to be buried, and the eastern part of the church may be of this date. He is described on his brass as '*flos mercatorum lanaru' totius* [*i.e. totius*] *Anglie*'—the flower of the woolmen of England—a noble praise. Of Grevel's ancestry we know nothing except the name of his father; there are records of Grivels of Campden, burgesses of the thirteenth century, from whom in all probability he descended. His posterity is more famous. In the seventeenth century Fulke Greville, who described himself on his monument as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, obtained from King James I. a grant of Warwick Castle, which he raised from its ruins and founded the present house of Warwick.

A second great house descended from one of these Campden benefactors is that of the Earls of Gainsborough, whose second title is Viscount Campden. The founder of the family was the Baptist Hicks, already referred to, who was the son of a London

silk mercer of Gloucestershire extraction, who bought the manor in 1609 from a certain Anthony Smyth. Anthony was the son of Thomas Smyth, of whom nothing much is known except that he gathered wealth and set his heart on reuniting all the properties that had been comprised in the old manor of Campden, finally succeeding in his object. He obtained his grant of arms in 1540—three fleurs de lis between golden crosses—perhaps because he had by that time made all the money he wished, and had leisure to consider the lilies ‘which toil not neither do they spin.’ He lies in a canopied tomb on the north side of the altar, arrayed in full armour. His epitaph describes him as ‘a pueritia sua aulicus’—a courtier from boyhood, whatever that means. Baptist Hicks dealt not only in silk, but in money. His elder brother Michael, a distinguished financier from whom the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is descended, was Secretary to Lord Burghley, and from a letter to the brother we learn that King James at one time owed Baptist 16,000*l*. James, it would appear, cleared some of the debt by a knighthood, more by a baronetcy, and Charles redeemed the residue by the Campden peerage. But Lord Campden, if he lent money to the King, made a more munificent and more local use of other moieties of his fortune. He reroofed the chancel of Campden Church. He founded almshouses for twelve poor people, and endowed them with three shillings and fourpence a week each, together with a hat and gown and a ton of coals yearly. He also built the beautiful Market House. The house that he built for himself at a cost, it is said, of 30,000*l*., ‘one of the neatest in England,’ as Fuller describes it, was burnt for him by a good-natured friend, Sir Henry Bard, who held Campden for the King, to prevent it falling into the hands of the rebels. The house he built in Kensington was better fated. He lies in the south aisle of Campden Church, side by side with his wife, carved in ‘monumental alabaster’ on one of those huge tombs like a four-post bedstead in which the Jacobean nobility delighted. In the same chapel are interred his daughter and heiress Juliana, with her husband Sir Edward Noel, the second Viscount. A local guide book, a little unkindly, describes their effigies as ‘standing in a cupboard enveloped in shrouds.’ What the sculptor designed was to represent the scene at the Resurrection. Sir Edward holds his wife’s hand, and is handing her out of the tomb in the politest manner possible. All the epitaphs are excellent specimens of the Jacobean style, florid and stately,

and yet with touches of intimacy that the next century with its balanced periods failed to recapture.

Of another very important direction in which these ancient merchantmen exercised their benevolence I have said nothing in this letter, which is already too long, but it should not be altogether overlooked. They were devout believers in the advantages of education. In all these Cotteswold towns you find grammar schools of an old foundation which owe nothing, sometimes not even thanks, to the young and pious little Tudor who has so curiously come to be regarded as the author and patron saint of English education. The Grammar School at Northleach was founded by William Dutton, whose descendants hold the barony of Sherborne; that at Chipping Campden by John Varby or Fereby. From Northleach (where the school is for the moment in abeyance) and from Campden there is still a scholarship to Pembroke College, Oxford.

The moral of this meditation I should like to address, with all respect, to the London merchants. Their fellows in the North are in several ways worthy successors of the fifteenth-century woolmen; they have endowed professorships in their local universities, calling the chairs after their own names; they have endowed bishoprics; in Liverpool they are building a cathedral; but London is the grave of the local public spirit. There is more need for churches in London than ever, and more need for priests; but the churches are not built, and the London priests are expected to train themselves for the ministry, live on air, and preach eloquent sermons. If Masters Tame, and Forty, and Grevil, and Hicks were to come to life and walk up the Strand; and see at the very gates of the City by St. Mary's Church a King's College where clerks were trained for the priesthood, they would at once ask who were the merchants that endowed the teachers' chairs, and what was the amount of the bursaries for the poor students; and when they got their answer they would post back in disgust to their own centuries.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

COUNT HANNIBAL.¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FLIGHT FROM ANGERS.

BUT that only the more roused the devil in the man; that, and the knowledge that he had his own headstrong act to thank for the position. He looked on the panic-stricken people who filled the courtyard, and who, scared by the turmoil without, had come together, wringing their hands and chattering; and his face was so dark and forbidding that fear of him took the place of all other fear, and the nearest shrank from contact with him. On any other entering as he entered, they would have hailed questions; they would have asked what it was and if the city were rising, and where were Bigot and his men. But Count Hannibal's eye struck curiosity dumb. When he cried from his saddle, 'Bring me the landlord!' the trembling man was found, and thrust forward almost without a word.

'You have a back gate?' Tavannes said, while the crowd leaned forward to catch his words.

'Yes, my lord,' the man faltered.

'Into the street which leads to the ramparts?'

'Ye—yes, my lord.'

'Then'—to Badelon—'saddle! You have five minutes. Saddle as you never saddled before,' he continued in a low tone, 'or——' His tongue did not finish the threat, but his hand waved the man away. 'For you,' and he held Tignonville an instant with his lowering eye, 'and the preaching fool with you, get arms and mount! You have never played aught but the woman yet; but play me false now, or look aside but a foot from the path I bid you take, and you thwart me no more, monsieur! And you, madame,' he continued, turning to the Countess, who stood bewildered at one of the doors, the Provost's daughter clinging and weeping about her, 'you have three minutes to get your women to

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horse! See you, if you please, that they take no longer! To it! To it!’

She found her voice with difficulty. ‘And this child?’ she said. ‘She is in my care.’

‘Bring her,’ he muttered with a scowl of impatience. And then, raising his voice as he turned on the terrified gang of hostlers and inn servants who stood gaping round him, ‘Go help!’ he thundered. ‘Go help! And quickly!’ he added, his face growing a shade darker as a second bell began to toll from a neighbouring tower, and the confused babel in the Place Ste.-Croix settled into a dull roar of ‘*Sacrilège! sacrilège!*’—‘Hasten!’

Fortunately it had been his first intention to go to the Council attended by the whole of his men; and eight horses stood saddled in the stalls. Others were hastily pulled out and bridled, and the women were mounted. La Tribe, at a look from Tavannes, took behind him the Provost’s daughter, who was helpless with terror. Between the suddenness of the alarm, the uproar without, and the panic within, none but a man whose people served him at a nod and dreaded his very gesture could have got his party mounted in time. Javette would fain have swooned, but she dared not. Tignonville would fain have questioned, but he shrank from the venture. The Countess would fain have said something, but she forced herself to obey and no more. Even so the confusion in the courtyard, the mingling of horses and men and trappings and saddle-bags, would have made another despair; but wherever Count Hannibal, seated in his saddle in the middle, turned his face, chaos settled into a kind of order, servants, ceasing to listen to the yells and cries outside, ran to fetch, women dropped cloaks from the gallery, and men loaded muskets and strapped on bandoliers.

Until at last—and none knew what these few minutes of suspense cost him—he saw all mounted, and, pistol in hand, shepherded them to the back gates. As he did so he stooped for a few scowling words with Badelon, whom he sent to the van of the party: then he gave the word to open. It was done; and even as Montsoreau’s horsemen, borne on the bosom of a second and more formidable throng, swept raging into the already crowded square, and the cry went up for ‘a ram! a ram!’ to batter in the gates, Tavannes, hurling his little party before him, dashed out at the back, and putting to flight a handful of rascals who had wandered to that side, cantered unmolested down the lane to the ramparts. Turning eastward at the foot of the frowning Castle,

he followed the inner side of the wall in the direction of the gate by which he had entered the preceding evening.

To gain this his party had to pass the end of the Rue Tous-saint, which issues from the Place Ste.-Croix and runs so straight that the mob seething in front of the inn had only to turn their heads to see them. The danger incurred at this point was great; for a party so small as Tavannes' and encumbered with women could have had no chance if attacked within the walls.

Count Hannibal knew it. But he knew also that the act which he had committed rendered the north bank of the Loire impossible for him. Neither King nor Marshal, neither Charles of Valois nor Gaspard of Tavannes, would dare to shield him from an infuriated Church, a Church too wise to forgive certain offences. His one chance lay in reaching the southern bank of the Loire—roughly speaking, the Huguenot bank—and taking refuge in some town, Rochelle or St. Jean d'Angely, where the Huguenots were strong, and whence he might take steps to set himself right with his own side.

But to cross the great river which divides France into two lands widely differing he must leave the city by the east gate; for the only bridge over the Loire within forty miles of Angers lay eastwards from the town, at Ponts de Cé, four miles away. To this gate, therefore, past the Rue Toussaint, he whirled his party daringly; and though the women grew pale as the sounds of riot broke louder on the ear, and they discovered that they were approaching instead of leaving the danger—and though Tignonville for an instant thought him mad, and snatched at the Countess's rein—his men-at-arms, who knew him, galloped stolidly on, passed like clockwork the end of the street, and, reckless of the stream of persons hurrying in the direction of the alarm, heedless of the fright and anger their passage excited, pressed steadily on. A moment and the gate through which they had entered the previous evening appeared before them. And—a sight welcome to one of them—it was open.

They were fortunate indeed, for a few seconds later they had been too late. The alarm had preceded them; even as they dashed up, a man ran to the chains of the portecullis and tried to lower it. But he failed to do so at the first touch, and fled from Badelon's levelled pistol. A watchman on one of the bastions of the wall shouted to them to halt or he would fire; but the riders yelled in derision, and, thundering through the echoing archway, emerged

into the open, and saw, stretching far before them, in place of the gloomy vistas of the Black Town, the glory of the open country and the vine-clad hills, and the fields about the Loire yellow with late harvest.

The women gasped their relief, and one or two who were most out of breath would have pulled up their horses and let them trot, thinking the danger at an end. But a curt savage word from the rear set them flying again, and down and up and on again they galloped, driven forward by the iron hand which never relaxed its grip of them. Silent and pitiless he whirled them before him until they were within a mile of the long *Ponts de Cé*—a series of bridges rather than one bridge—and the broad shallow Loire lay plain before them, its sandbanks grilling in the sun, and grey lines of willows marking its eyots. By this time some of the women, white with fatigue, could only cling to their saddles with their hands; while others were red-hot, their hair unrolled, and the perspiration mingling with the dust on their faces. But he who drove them had no pity for weakness—in an emergency. He looked back and saw, a half-mile behind them, the glitter of steel following hard on their heels: and ‘Faster! faster!’ he cried, regardless of their prayers: and he beat the rearmost of the horses with his scabbard. A waiting-woman shrieked that she should fall, but he answered ruthlessly, ‘Fall then, fool!’ and the instinct of self-preservation coming to her aid, she clung and bumped and toiled on with the rest until they reached the first houses of the town about the bridges, and Badelon raised his hand as a signal that they might slacken speed.

The bewilderment of the start had been so great that it was then only, when they found their feet on the first link of the bridge, that two of the party, the Countess and Tignonville, awoke to the fact that their faces were set southwards. To cross the Loire in those days meant much to all: to a Huguenot very much. It chanced that these two rode on to the bridge side by side, and the memory of their last crossing—the remembrance that, on their journey north a month before, they had crossed it hand in hand with the prospect of passing their lives together, and with no faintest thought of the events which were to ensue, flashed into the mind of each of them. It deepened the flush which exertion had brought to the woman’s cheek, then left it paler than before. A minute before she had been wroth with her old lover;

she had held him accountable for the outbreak in the town and this hasty retreat; now her anger died as she looked and she remembered. In the man, shallower of feeling and more alive to present contingencies, the uppermost emotion as he trod the bridge was one of surprise and congratulation.

He could not at first believe in their good fortune, '*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, 'we are crossing!' And then again in a lower tone, 'We are crossing! We are crossing!' And he looked at her.

It was impossible that she should not look back; that she who had ceased to be angry should not feel and remember; impossible that her answering glance should not speak to his heart. Below them, as on that day a month earlier, when they had crossed the bridges going northward, the broad shallow river ran its course in the sunshine, its turbid currents gleaming and flashing about the sandbanks and osier-beds. To the eye, the landscape, save that the vintage was farther advanced and the harvest in part gathered in, was the same. But how changed were their relations, their prospects, their hopes, who had then crossed the river hand in hand, planning a life to be passed together!

The young man's rage boiled up at the thought. Too vividly, too sharply it showed him the wrongs which he had suffered at the hands of the man who rode behind him, the man who even now drove him on and ordered him and insulted him. He forgot that he might have perished in the general massacre if Count Hannibal had not intervened. He forgot that Count Hannibal had spared him once and twice. He laid on his enemy's shoulders the guilt of all, the blood of all; and as, quick on the thought of his wrongs and his fellows' wrongs followed the reflection that with every league they rode southwards the chance of requital grew, he cried again, and this time joyously, 'We are crossing! A little, and we shall be in our own land!'

The tears filled the Countess's eyes as she looked westwards and southwards. 'Vrillac is there!' she cried; and she pointed. 'I smell the sea!'

'Ay!' he answered, almost under his breath. 'It lies there! And no more than thirty leagues from us! With fresh horses we might see it in two days!'

Badelon's voice broke in on them. 'Forward!' he cried as he reached the southern bank. '*En avant!*' And, obedient to the word, the little party, refreshed by the short respite, took the road out of Ponts de Cé at a steady trot. Nor was the Countess the

only one whose face glowed, being set southwards, or whose heart pulsed to the rhythm of the horses' hoofs that beat out 'Home!' Carlat's and Madame Carlat's also. Javette even, hearing from her neighbour that they were over the Loire, plucked up courage; while La Tribe, gazing before him with moistened eyes, cried 'Comfort' to the scared and weeping girl who clung to his belt. It was singular to see how all sniffed the air as if already it smacked of the sea and of the south; and how they of Poitou sat their horses as if they asked nothing better than to ride on and on and on until the scenes of home arose about them. For them the sky had already a deeper blue, the air a softer fragrance, the sunshine a purity long unknown!

Was it wonderful, when they had suffered so much on that northern bank—when their experience during the month had been comparable only with the direst nightmare? Yet one among them, after the first impulse of relief and satisfaction, felt differently. Tignonville's gorge rose against the sense of compulsion, of inferiority. To be driven forward after this fashion, whether he would or no, to be placed at the back of every base-born man-at-arms, to have no clearer knowledge of what had happened or of what was passing, or of the peril from which they fled, than the women among whom he rode—these things kindled anew the sullen fire of hate. North of the Loire there had been some excuse for his inaction under insult; he had been in the man's country and power. But south of the Loire, within forty leagues of Huguenot Niort, must he still suffer, still be supine?

His rage was inflamed by a disappointment he presently underwent. Looking back as they rode clear of the wooden houses of Ponts de Cé, he missed Tavannes and several of his men; and he wondered if Count Hannibal had remained on his own side of the river. It seemed possible; and in that event La Tribe and he and Carlat might deal with Badelon and the four who still escorted them. But when he looked back a minute later, Tavannes was within sight, following the party with a stern face; and not Tavannes only. Bigot, with two of the ten men who hitherto had been missing, was with him.

It was clear, however, that they brought no good news, for they had scarcely ridden up before Count Hannibal cried 'Faster! faster!' in his harshest voice, and Bigot urged the horses to a quicker trot. Their course lay almost parallel with the Loire in the direction of Beaupréau; and Tignonville began to fear that

Count Hannibal intended to recross the river at Nantes, where the only bridge below Angers spanned the stream. With this in view it was easy to comprehend his wish to distance his pursuers before he recrossed.

The Countess had no such thought. 'They must be close upon us!' she murmured, as she urged her horse in obedience to the order.

'Whoever they are,' Tignonville muttered bitterly, 'if we knew what had happened, we should know more about it, madame. For that matter, I know what I wish he would do. And our heads are set for it.'

'What?'

'Make for Vrillac!' he answered with a savage gleam in his eyes.

'For Vrillac?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, if he would!' she cried, her face turning pale. "If he would. He would be safe there!"

'Ay, quite safe!' he answered with a peculiar intonation. And he looked at her askance.

He fancied that his thought, the thought which had just flashed into his brain, was her thought; that she had the same notion in reserve, and that they were wholly in sympathy. And Tavannes, seeing them talking together, and noting her look and the fervour of her gesture, formed the same opinion, and retired more darkly into himself. The downfall of his plan for dazzling her by a magnanimity unparalleled and beyond compare, a plan dependent on the submission of Angers—his disappointment in this might have roused the worst passions of a better man. But there was in this man a pride on a level at least with his other passions: and to bear himself in this hour of defeat and flight so that if she could not love him she must admire him, checked in a strange degree the current of his rage. When Tignonville presently looked back he found that Count Hannibal and six of his riders had pulled up and were walking their horses far in the rear. On which he would have done the same himself; but Badelon called over his shoulder the eternal '*Forward, monsieur, en avant!*' and sullenly, hating the man and his master more deeply every hour, Tignonville was forced to push on, with thoughts of speedy vengeance in his heart.

Trot, trot! Trot, trot! Through a country which had lost its

smiling wooded character and grew more sombre and less fertile the farther they left the Loire behind them. Trot, trot! Trot, trot!—for ever, it seemed to some. Javette wept with fatigue, and the other women were little better. The Countess herself spoke seldom except to cheer the Provost's daughter; who, poor girl, flung suddenly out of the round of her life and cast among strangers, showed a better spirit than might have been expected. At length, on the slopes of some low hills, which they had long seen before them, a cluster of houses and a church appeared; and Badelon, drawing rein, cried, 'Beaupréau, madame! We stay an hour!'

It was six o'clock. They had ridden some hours without a break. With sighs and cries of pain the women dropped from their clumsy saddles, while the men laid out such food—it was little—as had been brought, and hobbled the horses that they might feed. The hour passed rapidly, and when it had passed Badelon was inexorable. There was wailing when he gave the word to mount again; and Tignonville, fiercely resenting this dumb reasonless flight, was at heart one of the mutineers. But Badelon said grimly that they might go on and live, or stay and die, as it pleased them; and once more they climbed painfully to their saddles, and jogged steadily on through the sunset, through the gloaming, through the darkness, across a weird mysterious country of low hills and narrow plains which grew more wild and less cultivated as they advanced. Fortunately the horses had been well saved during the long leisurely journey to Angers, and now went well and strongly. When they at last unsaddled for the night in a little dismal wood within a mile of Clisson, they had placed some forty miles between themselves and Angers.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ORDEAL BY STEEL.

THE women for the most part fell like sacks and slept where they alighted, dead weary. The men, when they had cared for the horses, followed the example; for Badelon would suffer no fire. In less than half an hour, a sentry who stood on guard at the edge of the wood, and Tignonville and La Tribe, who talked in

low voices with their backs against a tree, were the only persons who remained awake, with the exception of the Countess. Carlat had made a couch for her, and screened it with cloaks from the wind and the eye; for the moon had risen, and where the trees stood sparsest its light flooded the soil with pools of white. But Madame had not yet retired to her bed. The two men, whose voices reached her, saw her from time to time moving restlessly to and fro between the road and the little encampment. Presently she came and stood over them.

‘He led His people out of the wilderness,’ La Tribe was saying; ‘out of the trouble of Paris, out of the trouble of Angers, and always, always southward. If you do not in this, monsieur, see His finger——’

‘And Angers?’ Tignonville struck in, with a faint sneer. ‘Has He led that out of trouble? A day or two ago you would risk all to save it, my friend. Now, with your back safely turned on it, you think all for the best.’

‘We did our best,’ the minister answered humbly. ‘From the day we met in Paris we have been but instruments.’

‘To save Angers?’

‘To save a remnant.’

Suddenly the Countess raised her hand. ‘Do you not hear horses, monsieur?’ she cried. She had been listening to the noises of the night, and had paid little heed to what the two were saying.

‘One of ours moved,’ Tignonville answered listlessly. ‘Why do you not lie down, madame?’

Instead of answering, ‘Whither is he going?’ she asked. ‘Do you know?’

‘I wish I did know,’ the young man answered peevishly. ‘To Niort, it may be. Or presently he will double back and recross the Loire.’

‘He would have gone by Cholet to Niort,’ La Tribe said. ‘The direction is rather that of Rochelle. God grant we be bound thither!’

‘Or to Vrillac,’ the Countess cried, clasping her hands in the darkness. ‘Can it be to Vrillac he is going?’

The minister shook his head.

‘Ah, let it be to Vrillac!’ she cried, a thrill in her voice. ‘We should be safe there. And he would be safe.’

‘Safe?’ And out of the darkness beside them loomed a tall figure.

The minister looked and leapt to his feet. Tignonville rose more slowly.

The voice was Tavannes'. 'And where am I to be safe?' he repeated slowly, a faint ring of saturnine amusement in his tone.

'At Vrillac,' she cried. 'In my house, monsieur.'

He was silent a moment. Then, 'Your house, madame? In which direction is it from here?'

'Westwards,' she answered impulsively, her voice quivering with eagerness and emotion and hope. 'Westwards, monsieur—on the sea. The causeway from the land is long, and ten can hold it against ten hundred.'

'Westwards? And how far westwards?'

Tignonville answered for her; and in his tone throbbed the same eagerness, the same anxiety, which spoke in hers. Nor was Count Hannibal's ear deaf to it. 'Through Challans,' he said, 'thirteen leagues.'

'From Clisson?'

'Yes, Monsieur le Comte.'

'And by Commequiers less,' the Countess cried.

'No, it is a worse road,' Tignonville answered quickly; 'and longer in time.'

'But we came——'

'At our leisure, madame. The road is by Challans, if we wish to be there quickly.'

'Ah!' Count Hannibal said. In the darkness it was impossible to see his face or mark how he took it. 'But being there, I have few men.'

'I have forty will come at call,' she cried with pride. 'A word to them, and in four hours or a little more——'

'They would outnumber mine by four to one,' Count Hannibal answered coldly, dryly, in a voice like ice-water flung in their faces. 'Thank you, madame; I understand. To Vrillac is no long ride; but we will not ride it at present.' And he turned sharply on his heel and strode from them.

He had not covered thirty paces before she overtook him in the middle of a broad patch of moonlight and touched his arm. He wheeled swiftly, his hand halfway to his hilt. Then he saw who it was. 'Ah!' he said, 'I had forgotten, madame. You have come——'

'No!' she cried passionately; and standing before him she shook back the hood of her cloak that he might look into her

eyes. 'You owe me no blow to-day. You have paid me, monsieur. You have struck me already, and foully, like a coward. Do you remember,' she continued rapidly, 'the hour after our marriage, and what you said to me? Do you remember what you told me? And whom to trust and whom to suspect, where lay our interest and where our foes? You trusted me then! What have I done that you now dare—ay, dare, monsieur,' she repeated fearlessly, her face pale and her eyes glittering with excitement, 'to insult me? That you treat me as—Javette? That you deem me capable of *that*? Of luring you into a trap, and in my own house, or the house that was mine, of——'

'Treating me as I have treated others.'

'You have said it!' she cried. She could not herself understand why his distrust had wounded her so sharply, so home, that all fear of him was gone. 'You have said it, and put that between us which will not be removed. I could have forgiven blows,' she continued, breathless in her excitement, 'so you had thought me what I am. But now you will do well to watch me! You will do well to leave Vrillac on one side. For were you there, and raised your hand against me—not that that touches me, but it will do—and there are those, I tell you, would fling you from the tower at my word.'

'Indeed?'

'Ay, indeed! And indeed, monsieur!'

Her face was in moonlight, his was in shadow.

'And this is your new tone, madame, is it?' he said, slowly and after a pregnant pause. 'The crossing of a river has wrought so great a change in you?'

'No!' she cried.

'Yes,' he said. And despite herself she flinched before the grimness of his tone. 'You have yet to learn one thing, however: that I do not change. That, north or south, I am the same to those who are the same to me. That what I have won on the one bank I will hold on the other, in the teeth of all, and though God's Church be thundering on my heels! I go to Vrillac——'

'You—go?' she cried. 'You go?'

'I go,' he repeated, 'to-morrow. And among your own people I will see what language you will hold. While you were in my power I spared you. Now that you are in your own land, now that you lift your hand against me, I will show you of what make I am. If blows will not tame you, I will try that will suit

you less. Ay, you wince, madame ! You had done well had you thought twice before you threatened, and thrice before you took in hand to scare Tavannes with a parcel of clowns and fisher-folk. To-morrow, to Vrillac and your duty ! And one word more, madame,' he continued, turning back to her truculently when he had gone some paces from her. 'If I find you plotting with your lover by the way, I will hang not you, but him. I have spared him a score of times ; but I know him, and I do not trust him.'

'Nor me,' she said, and with a white set face she looked at him in the moonlight. 'Had you not better hang me now ?'

'Why ?'

'Lest I do you an injury !' she cried with passion ; and she raised her hand and pointed northward. 'Lest I kill you some night, monsieur ! I tell you, a thousand men on your heels are less dangerous than the woman at your side—if she hate you.'

'Is it so ?' he cried. His hand flew to his hilt ; his dagger flashed out. But she did not move, did not flinch, only she set her teeth ; and her eyes, fascinated by the steel, grew wider.

His hand sank slowly. He held the weapon to her, hilt foremost ; and she took it mechanically. 'You think yourself brave enough to kill me, do you ?' he sneered. 'Then take this, and strike, if you dare. Take it—strike, madame ! It is sharp, and my arms are open.' And he flung them wide, standing within a pace of her. 'Here, above the collar-bone, is the surest for a weak hand. What, afraid ?' he continued, as, stiffly clutching the weapon which he had put into her hand, she glared at him, trembling and astonished. 'Afraid, and a Vrillac ! Afraid, and 'tis but one blow ! See, my arms are open. One blow home, and you will never lie in them. Think of that. One blow home, and you may lie in his. Think of that ! Strike, then, madame, if you dare, and if you hate me. What, still afraid ! How shall I give you heart ? Shall I strike you ? It will not be the first time by ten. I keep count, you see,' he continued mockingly. 'Or shall I kiss you ? Ay, that may do. And it will not be against your will, either, for you have that in your hand will save you in an instant. Even'—and he drew a foot nearer—'now ! Even——' And he stooped until his lips almost touched hers.

She sprang back. 'Oh, do not !' she cried. 'Oh, do not !' And, dropping the dagger, she covered her face with her hands. She burst into weeping.

He stooped coolly, and, after groping some time for the poniard,

drew it from the leaves among which it had fallen. He put it into the sheath, and when he spoke it was with a sneer. 'I have no need to fear overmuch,' he said. 'You are a poor hater, madame. And poor haters make poor lovers. 'Tis his loss! If you will not strike a blow for him, there is but one thing left. Go, dream of him!'

And shrugging his shoulders contemptuously he turned on his heel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE AMBUSH.

THE start they made at daybreak was gloomy and ill-omened, through one of those white mists which are blown from the Atlantic over the flat lands of Western Poitou. The horses, looming gigantic through the fog, winced as the cold harness was girded on them. The men hurried to and fro with saddles on their heads, and stumbled over other saddles, and swore savagely. The women turned mutinous and would not rise; or, being dragged up by force, shrieked wild unfitting words, as they were driven to the horses. The Countess looked on and listened, and shuddered, waiting for Carlat to set her on her horse. She had gone during the last three weeks through much that was dreary, much that was hopeless; but the chill discomfort of this forced start, with tired horses and wailing women, would have darkened the prospect of home had there been no fear or threat to cloud it.

He whose will compelled all stood a little apart and watched all, silent and gloomy. When Badelon, after taking his orders and distributing some slices of black bread to be eaten in the saddle, moved off at the head of his division, Count Hannibal remained behind, attended by Bigot and the eight riders who had formed the rearguard so far. He had not approached the Countess since rising, and she had been thankful for it. But now, as she moved away, she looked back and saw him still standing; she marked that he wore his corselet, and in one of those womanly revulsions of feeling—which outrun man's reason—she who had tossed on her couch through half the night, in passionate revolt against the fate before her, took fire at his neglect and his silence; she resented on a sudden the distance he kept, and his scorn of her. Her breast heaved, her colour came, involuntarily she checked her horse, as if she would return to him, and speak to

him. Then the Carlats and the others closed up behind her, Badelon's monotonous 'Forward, madame, *en avant!*' proclaimed the day's journey begun, and she saw him no more.

Nevertheless, the motionless figure, looming Homeric through the fog, with gleams of wet light reflected from the steel about it, dwelt long in her mind. The road which Badelon followed, slowly at first, and with greater speed as the horses warmed to their work, and the women, sore and battered, resigned themselves to suffering, wound across a flat expanse broken by a few hills. These were little more than mounds, and were mostly veiled from sight in the low-lying sea-mist, through which gnarled and stunted oaks rose mysterious, to fade as strangely. Weird trees they were, with branches unlike those of this world's trees, rising in a grey land without horizon or limit, through which our travellers moved, weary phantoms in a clinging nightmare. At a walk, at a trot, more often at a weary jog, they pushed on behind Badelon's humped shoulders. Sometimes the fog hung so thick about them that they saw those only who rose and fell in the saddles immediately before them; sometimes the air cleared a little, the curtain rolled up a space, and for a minute or two they discerned stretches of unfertile fields, half tilled and stony, or long tracts of gorse and broom, with here and there a thicket of dwarf shrubs or a wood of wind-swept pines. Some looked and saw these things; more rode on sulky and unseeing, supporting impatiently the toils of a flight from they knew not what.

To do Tignonville justice, he was not of these. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a better temper on this day; and, where so many took things unheroically, he showed to advantage. Avoiding the Countess and riding with Carlat, he talked and laughed with marked cheerfulness; nor did he ever fail, when the mist rose, to note this or that landmark, and confirm Badelon in the way he was going.

'We shall be at Lége by noon!' he cried more than once, 'and, if M. le Comte persists in his plan, may reach Vrillac by late sunset. By way of Challans!'

And always Carlat answered, 'Ay, by Challans, monsieur, so be it!'

He proved too, so far right in his prediction that noon saw them drag, a weary train, into the hamlet of Lége, where the road from Nantes to Olonne runs southward over the level of Poitou. An hour later Count Hannibal rode in with six of his eight men,

and, after a few minutes' parley with Badelon, who was scanning the horses, he called Carlat to him. The old man came.

'Can we reach Vrillac to-night?' Count Hannibal asked curtly.

'By Challans, my lord,' the steward answered, 'I think we can. We call it seven hours' riding from here.'

'And that route is the shortest?'

'In time, M. le Comte, the road being better.'

Count Hannibal bent his brows. 'And the other way?' he said.

'Is by Commequiers, my lord. It is shorter in distance.'

'By how much?'

'Two leagues. But there are fordings and a salt marsh; and with Madame and the women——'

'It would be longer?'

The steward hesitated. 'I think so,' he said slowly, his eyes wandering to the grey misty landscape, against which the poor hovels of the village stood out naked and comfortless. A low thicket of oaks sheltered the place from south-westerly gales. On the other three sides it lay open.

'Very good,' Tavannes said curtly. 'Be ready to start in ten minutes. You will guide us.'

But when the ten minutes had elapsed and the party were ready to start, to the astonishment of all the steward was not to be found. To peremptory calls for him no answer came; and a hurried search through the hamlet proved equally fruitless. The only person who had seen him since his interview with Tavannes turned out to be M. de Tignonville; and he had seen him mount his horse five minutes before, and move off—as he believed—by the Challans road.

'Ahead of us?'

'Yes, M. le Comte,' Tignonville answered, shading his eyes and gazing in the direction of the fringe of trees. 'I did not see him take the road, but he was beside the north end of the wood when I saw him last. Thereabouts!' and he pointed to a place where the Challans road wound round the flank of the wood. 'When we are beyond that point, I think we shall see him.'

Count Hannibal growled a word in his beard, and, turning in his saddle, looked back the way he had come. Half a mile away, two or three dots could be seen approaching across the plain. He turned again. 'You know the road?' he said, curtly addressing the young man.

'Perfectly. As well as Carlat.'

'Then lead the way, monsieur, with Badelon. And spare neither whip nor spur. There will be need of both, if we would lie warm to-night.'

Tignonville nodded assent and, wheeling his horse, rode to the head of the party, a faint smile playing about his mouth. A moment, and the main body moved off behind him, leaving Count Hannibal and six men to cover the rear. The mist, which at noon had risen for an hour or two, was closing down again, and they had no sooner passed clear of the wood than the trees faded out of sight behind them. It was not wonderful that they could not see Carlat. Objects a hundred paces from them were completely hidden.

Trot, trot! Trot, trot! through a grey world so featureless, so unreal, that the riders, now dozing in the saddle, and now awaking, seemed to themselves to stand still, as in a nightmare. A trot and then a walk, and then a trot again; and all a dozen times repeated, while the women bumped along in their wretched saddles, and the horses stumbled, and the men swore at them.

Ha! La Garnache at last, and a sharp turn southward to Challans. The Countess raised her head, and began to look about her. There, should be a church, she knew; and there, the old ruined tower built by wizards, or the Carthaginians, so old tradition ran; and there, to the westward, the great salt marshes towards Noirmoutier. The mist hid all, but the knowledge that they were there set her heart beating, brought tears to her eyes, and lightened the long road to Challans.

At Challans they halted half an hour, and washed out the horses' mouths with water and a little *guignolet*—the spirit of the country. A dose of the cordial was administered to the women; and a little after seven they began the last stage of the journey, through a landscape which even the mist could not veil from the eyes of love. There rose the windmill of Soullans! There the old dolmen, beneath which the grey wolf that ate the two children of Tornic had its lair. For a mile back they had been treading my lady's land; they had only two more leagues to ride, and one of those was crumbling under each dogged footfall. The salt flavour, which is new life to the shore-born, was in the fleecy reek that floated by them, now thinner, now more opaque; and almost they could hear the dull thunder of the Biscay waves falling on the rocks.

Tignonville looked back at her and smiled. She caught the look; and, as she fancied, she understood it and his thoughts. But

her own eyes at the moment were moist with tears, and what his said, and what there was of strangeness in his glance, half warning, half exultant, escaped her. For there, not a mile before them, where the low hills about the fishing village began to rise from the dull inland level—hills green on the land side, bare and rocky towards the sea and the island—she espied the wayside chapel at which the nurse of her early childhood had told her beads. Where it stood, the road from Commequiers and the road she travelled became one: a short mile thence, after winding among the hillocks, it ran down to the beach and the causeway—and to her home.

At the sight she bethought herself of Carlat, and calling to M. de Tignonville she asked him what he thought.

‘He must have outpaced us!’ he answered with an odd laugh.

‘But——’

He reined back to her. ‘Say nothing!’ he muttered. ‘But look ahead, madame, and see if we are expected!’

‘Expected? How can we be expected?’ she cried. The colour rushed into her face.

He put his finger to his lip; he looked warningly at Badelon’s humped shoulders, jogging up and down in front of them. Then, stooping towards her, in a lower tone, ‘If Carlat has arrived before us, he will have told them,’ he whispered.

‘But——’

‘He came by the other road, and it is quicker.’

She gazed at him in astonishment, her lips parted; and slowly her eyes grew hard. ‘Then why,’ she said, ‘did you say it was longer? Had we been overtaken, monsieur, we had had you to thank for it, it seems!’

He bit his lip. ‘But we have not been overtaken,’ he muttered. ‘On the contrary, you have to thank me for something quite different.’

‘As unwelcome, perhaps!’ she retorted. ‘For what?’

‘Softly, madame.’

‘For what?’ she repeated, refusing to lower her voice. ‘Speak, monsieur, if you please.’ He had never seen her look at him in that way.

‘For the fact,’ he answered, stung by that and her tone, ‘that when you arrive you will find yourself mistress in your own house! Is that nothing?’

‘You have called in my people?’

'Carlat has done so, or should have,' he answered. 'Henceforth it will go hard with M. le Comte,' he continued, a ring of exultation in his voice, 'if he does not treat you better than he has treated you hitherto. That is all!'

'You mean that it will go hard with him in any case?' she cried, her bosom rising and falling.

'I mean, madame—— But there they are! Good Carlat! Brave Carlat!'

'Carlat?'

'Ay, there they are! And you are mistress in your own land! At last! At last! And you have me to thank for it, say what you please. See!' And heedless in his exultation whether Badelon understood or not, he pointed to a place before them where the road wound between two low hills. Over the green shoulder of one of these, a dozen bright points caught and reflected the last evening light; while even as he spoke a man rose to his feet on the hillside above, and began to make signs to persons below. A pennon, too, showed an instant over the shoulder, fluttered, and was gone.

Badelon looked as they looked. The next instant he uttered a low oath, and dragged his horse across the front of the party. 'Pierre!' he cried to the man on his left, 'ride for your life! To my lord, and tell him we are ambushed!' And as the trained soldier wheeled about and spurred away, the sacker of Rome turned a dark scowling face on Tignonville. 'If this be your work,' he hissed, 'we shall thank you for it in hell! For it is where most of us will lie to-night! They are Montsoreau's spears, and they have those with them are worse to deal with than themselves!' Then in a different tone, 'Men to the front!' he shouted. 'And you, madame, to the rear quickly, and the women with you! Now, men, forward, and draw! Steady! Steady! They are coming!'

There was an instant of confusion, disorder, panic; horses jostling one another, women screaming and clutching at men, men shaking them off and forcing their way to the van. Fortunately the enemy did not fall on at once, as Badelon expected, but after showing themselves in the mouth of the valley, at a distance of three hundred paces, they hung for some reason irresolute. This gave Badelon time to array his seven swords in front; but real resistance was out of the question, as he knew. And to none seemed less in question than to Tignonville.

When the truth, and what he had done, broke on the young

man, he sat a moment motionless with horror. And it was only when Badelon had twice summoned him with opprobrious words that he awoke to the relief of action. Even after that he hung an instant trying to meet the Countess's eyes, despair in his own ; but it was not to be. She had turned her head, and was looking back, as if thence only and not from him could help come. It was not to him she turned ; and he saw it, and the justice of it. And silent, grim, more formidable even than old Badelon, the veteran fighter, who knew all the tricks and shifts of the *mêlée*, he spurred to the flank of the line.

'Now, steady!' Badelon cried again, seeing that the enemy were beginning to move. 'Steady! Ha! Thank God, my lord! My lord is coming! Stand! Stand!'

The distant sound of galloping hoofs had reached his ear in the nick of time. He stood in his stirrups and looked back. Yes, Count Hannibal was coming, riding a dozen paces in front of his men. The odds were still desperate—for he brought but six—the enemy were still three to one. But the thunder of his hoofs as he came up checked for a moment the enemy's onset ; and before Montsoreau's people got started again Count Hannibal had ridden up abreast of the women, and the Countess, looking at him, knew that, desperate as was their strait, she had not looked behind in vain. The glow of battle, the stress of the moment, had displaced the cloud from his face ; the joy of the born fighter lightened in his eye. His voice rang clear and loud above the press.

'Badelon! wait you and two with madame!' he cried. 'Follow at fifty paces' distance, and, when we have broken them, ride through! The others with me! Now forward, men, and show your teeth! A Tavannes! A Tavannes! A Tavannes! We carry it yet!'

And he dashed forward, leading them on, leaving the women behind ; and down the sward to meet him, thundering in double line, came Montsoreau's men-at-arms, and with the men-at-arms, a dozen pale, fierce-eyed men in the Church's black, yelling the Church's curses. Madame's heart grew sick as she heard, as she waited, as she judged him by the fast-failing light a horse's length before his men—with only Tignonville beside him.

She held her breath—would the shock never come? If Badelon had not seized her rein and forced her forward, she would not have moved. And then, even as she moved, they met! Crash! With yells and wild cries and a mare's savage scream,

the two bands came together in a huddle of fallen or rearing horses, of flickering weapons, of thrusting men, of grapples hand to hand. What happened, what was happening to anyone, who it was fell, stabbed through and through by four, or who were these who still fought single combats, twisting round one another's horses, these on her right and on her left, she could not tell. For Badelon dragged her on with whip and spur, and two horsemen—who obscured her view—galloped in front of her, and rode down bodily the only man who undertook to bar her passage. She had a glimpse of that man's face, as his horse, struck in the act of turning, fell sideways on him; and she knew it, in its agony of terror, though she had seen it but once. It was the face of the man whose eyes had sought hers from the steps of the church in Angers; the lean man in black, who had turned soldier of the Church—to his misfortune.

Through? Yes, through, the way was clear before them! The fight with its screams and curses died away behind them. The horses swayed and all but sank under them. But Badelon knew it no time for mercy; iron-shod hoofs rang on the road behind, and at any moment the pursuers might be on their heels. He flogged on until the cots of the hamlet appeared on either side of the way; on, until the road forked and the Countess with strange readiness cried 'The left!'—on, until the beach appeared below them at the foot of a sharp pitch, and beyond the beach the slow heaving grey of the ocean.

The tide was high. The causeway ran through it, a mere thread lipped by the darkling waves, and at the sight a grunt of relief broke from Badelon. For at the end of the causeway, black against the western sky, rose the gateway and towers of Vrillac; and he saw that, as the Countess had said, it was a place ten men could hold against ten hundred!

They stumbled down the beach, reached the causeway and trotted along it; more slowly now, and looking back. The other women had followed by hook or by crook, some crying hysterically, yet clinging to their horses and even urging them; and in a medley, the causeway clear behind them and no one following, they reached the drawbridge, and passed under the arch of the gate beyond.

Here friendly hands, Carlat's foremost, welcomed them and aided them to alight, and the Countess saw, as in a dream, the familiar scene, all unfamiliar: the gate, where she had played,

a child, aglow with lantern-light and arms. Men, whose rugged faces she had known in infancy, stood at the drawbridge chains and at the winches. Others blew matches and handled primers, while old servants crowded round her, and women looked at her, scared and weeping. She saw it all at a glance—the lights, the shadows, the sudden glow of a match on the groining of the arch above. She saw it, and turning swiftly, looked back the way she had come; along the dusky causeway to the low dark shore, which night was stealing quickly from their eyes. She clasped her hands.

‘Where is Badelon?’ she cried. ‘Where is he? Where is he?’

One of the men who had ridden before her answered that he had turned back.

‘Turned back!’ she repeated. And then, shading her eyes, ‘Who is coming?’ she asked, her voice insistent. ‘There is some one coming. Who is it? Who is it?’

Two were coming out of the gloom, travelling slowly and painfully along the causeway. One was La Tribe, limping; the other a rider, slashed across the forehead, and sobbing curses.

‘No more!’ she muttered. ‘Are there no more?’

The minister shook his head. The rider wiped the blood from his eyes, and turned up his face that he might see the better. But he seemed to be dazed, and only babbled strange words in a strange *patois*.

She stamped her foot in passion. ‘More lights!’ she cried. ‘Lights! How can they find their way? And let six men go down the *digue*, and meet them. Will you let them be butchered between the shore and this?’

But Carlat, who had not been able to collect more than a dozen men, shook his head; and before she could repeat the order, sounds of battle, shrill yet faint, like the cries of hungry seagulls, pierced the darkness which shrouded the farther end of the causeway. The women shrank inward over the threshold, while Carlat cried to the men at the chains to be ready, and to some who stood at loopholes above, to blow up their matches and let fly at his word. And then they all waited, peering eagerly into the growing darkness. They could see nothing.

A distant scuffle, an oath, a cry, and silence! The same, a little nearer, a little louder, followed this time, not by silence, but by the slow tread of a limping horse. Again a rush of feet, the clash of steel, a scream, a laugh, all weird and unreal, issuing

out of the night; and then out of the darkness into the light, stepping slowly with hanging head, appeared a horse, bearing on its back a man—or was it a man?—bending low in the saddle, his feet hanging loose. For an instant the horse and the man seemed to be alone; then at their heels came into view two figures, skirmishing this way and that; now coming nearer, and now darting back into the gloom. One, a squat figure, stooping low, wielded a sword with two hands; the other covered him with a half-pike. And then beyond these—abruptly as it seemed—the night gave up to sight a swarm of dark figures pressing on them and after them, driving them before them.

Carlat had an inspiration. 'Fire!' he cried; and four arquebuses poured a score of slugs into the knot of pursuers. A man fell, another shrieked and stumbled, the rest gave back. Only the horse came on spectrally, with hanging head and shining eyeballs, until a man ran out and seized its head, and dragged it, more by his strength than its own, over the drawbridge. After it Badelon, with a gaping wound in his knee, and Bigot, bleeding from a dozen hurts, walked over the bridge, and stood on either side of the saddle, smiling foolishly at the man on the horse.

'Leave me!' he muttered. 'Leave me!' He made a feeble movement with his hand, as if it held a weapon; then his head sank lower. It was Count Hannibal. His thigh was broken, and there was a lance-head in his arm.

The Countess looked at him, then beyond him, past him into the darkness. 'Are there no more?' she whispered tremulously. 'No more? Tignonville—my——'

Badelon shook his head. The Countess covered her face and wept.

(To be concluded.)

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